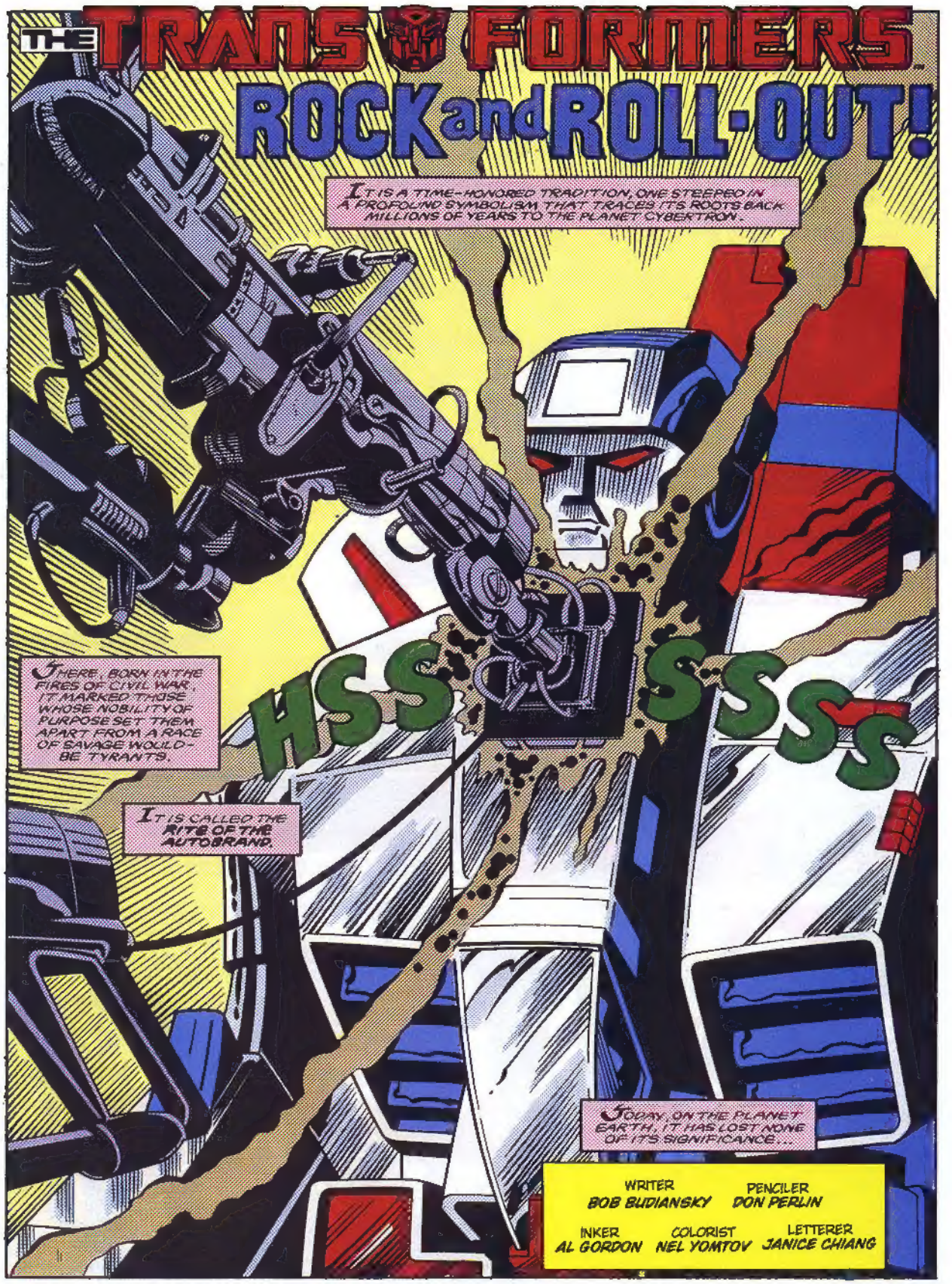
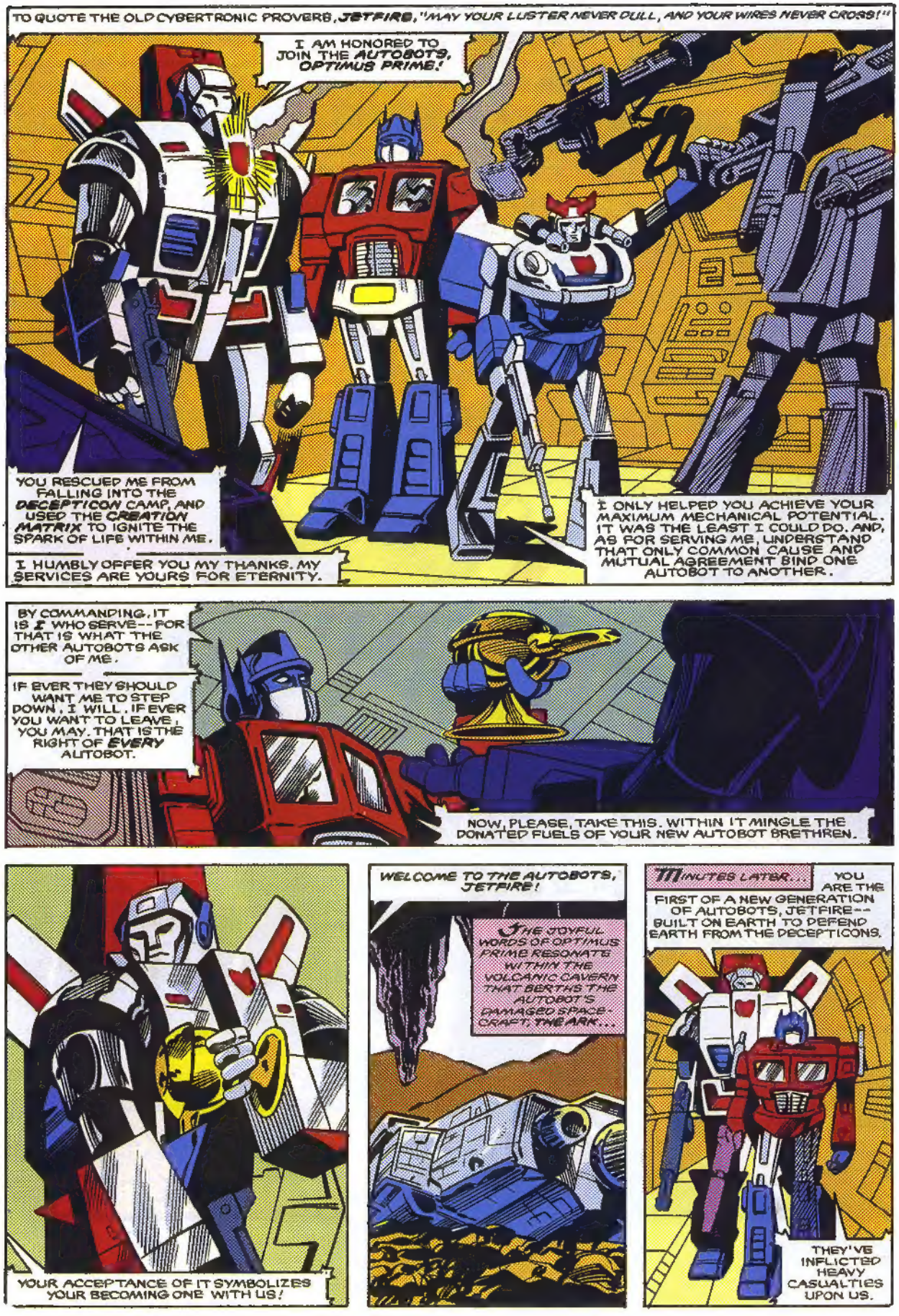
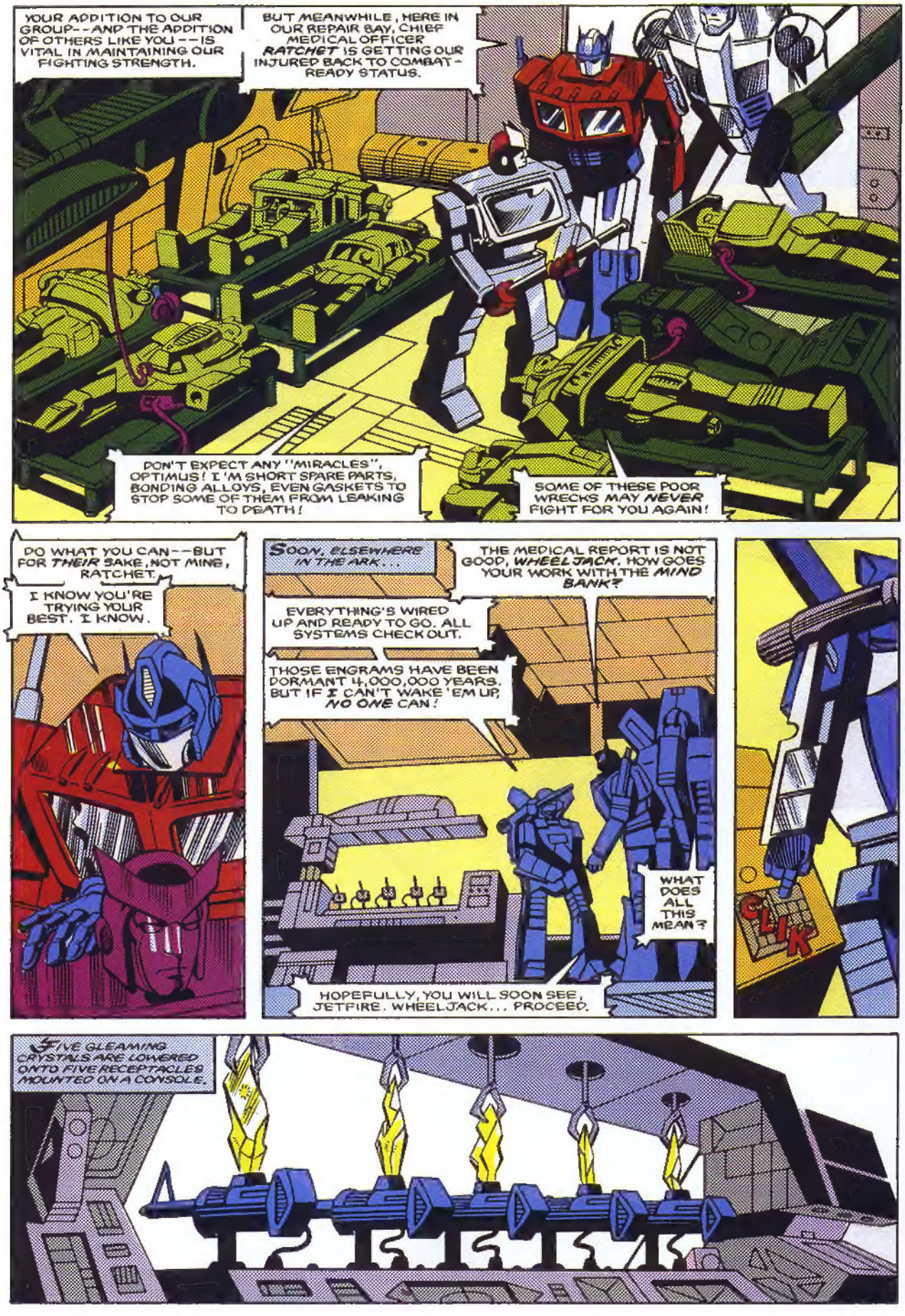
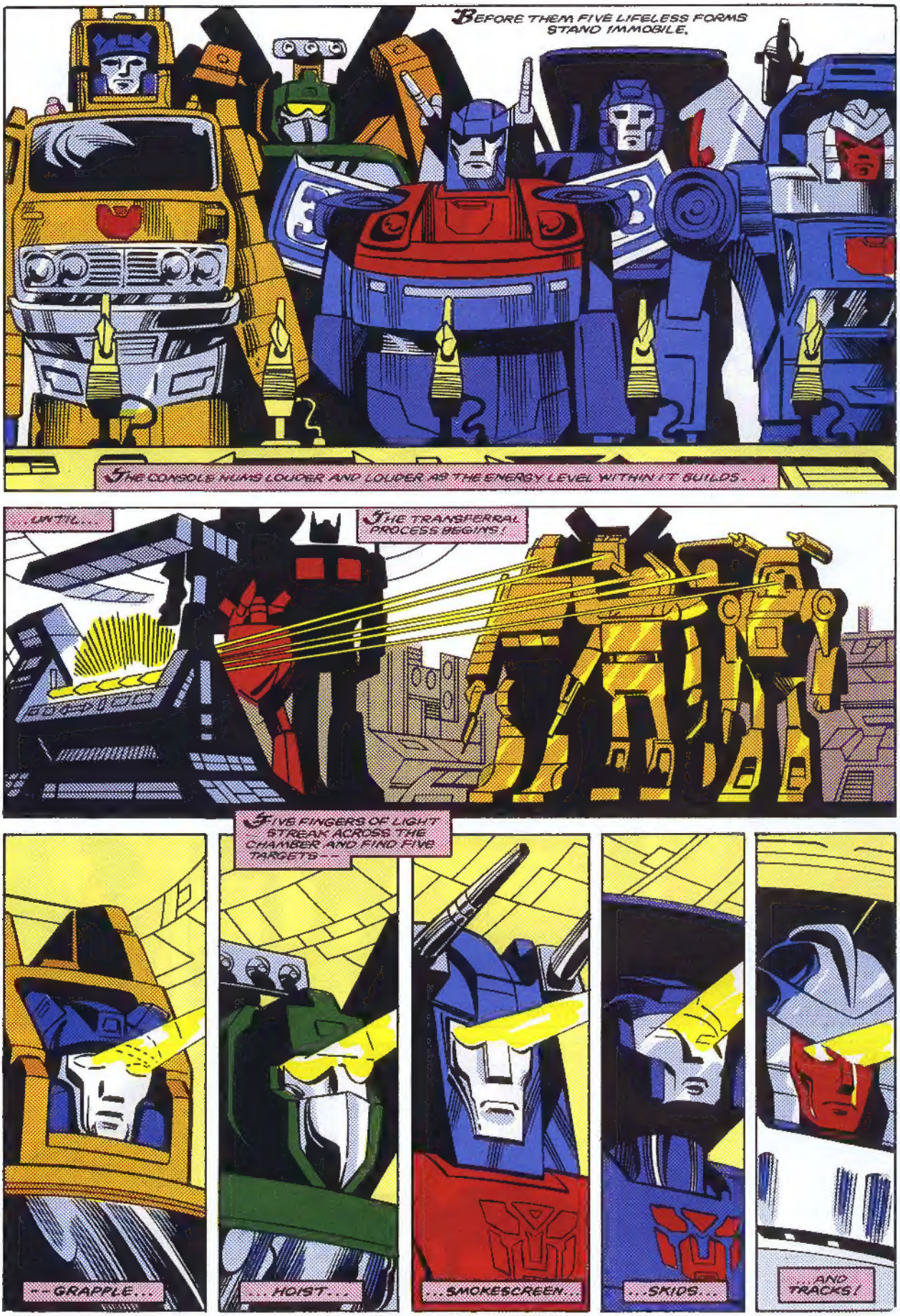
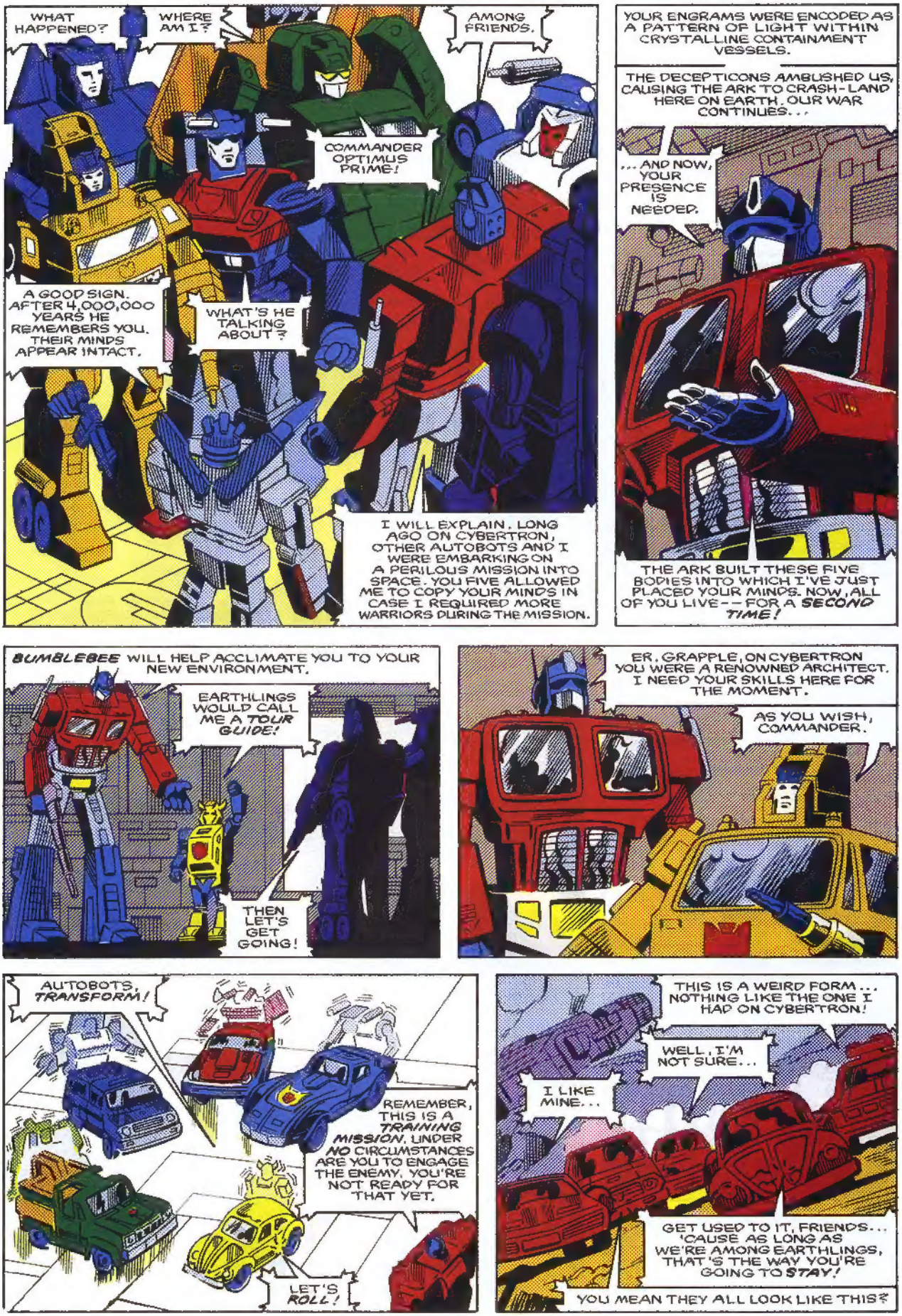
MARVEL
22nd Mar '86
No53 30p
THE TRANSFORMERS
HEROIC
AUTOBOT
FREE
Transformers
Stickers from
PANINI
Inside!

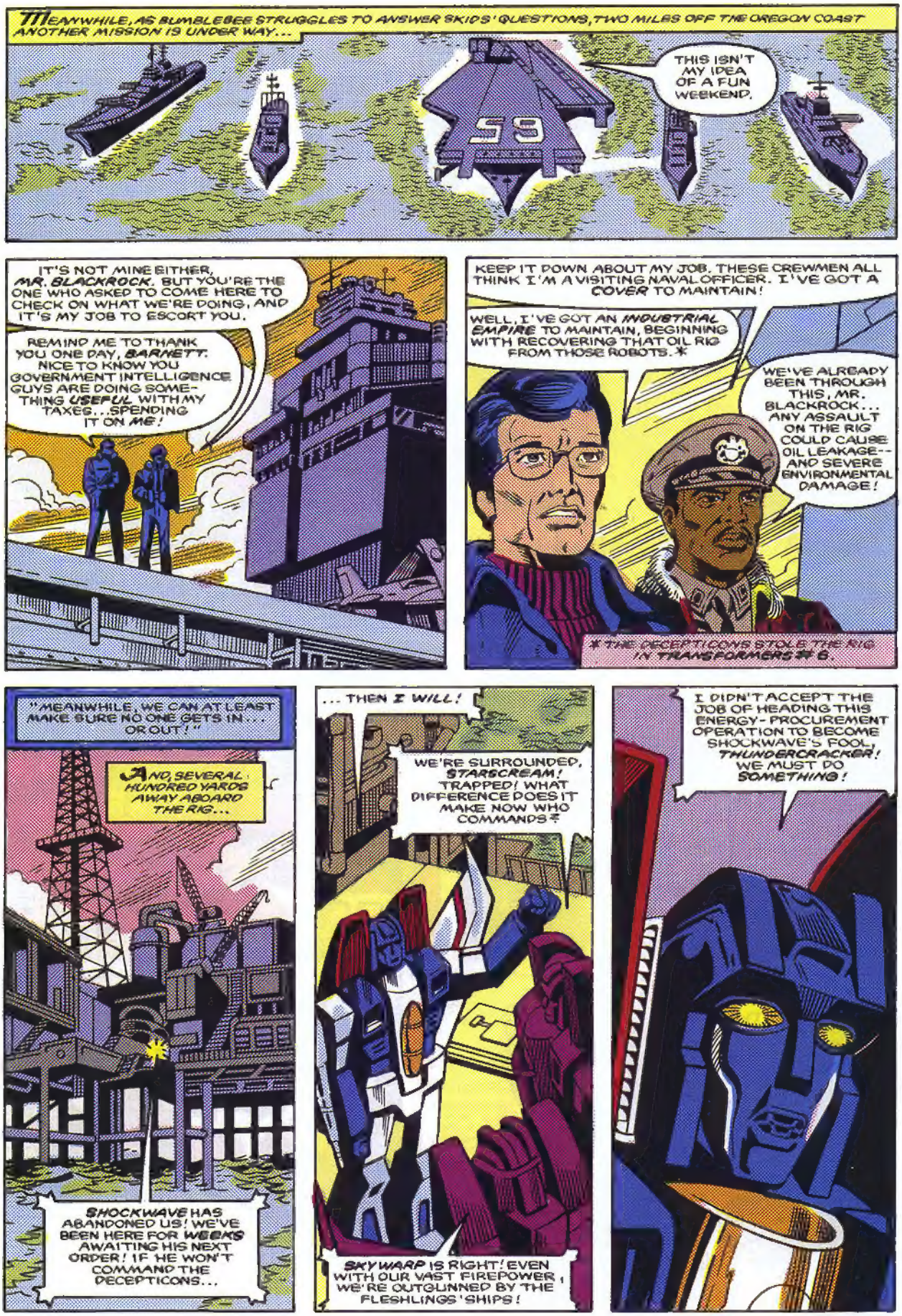

THE TRANSFORMERS
ROCK and ROLL-OUT!
IT IS A TIME-HONORED TRADITION, ONE STEEPED IN A PROFOUND SYMBOLISM THAT TRACES ITS ROOTS BACK MILLIONS OF YEARS TO THE PLANET CYBERTRON.
THERE, BORN IN THE FIRES OF CIVIL WAR, IT MARKED THOSE WHOSE NOBILITY OF PURPOSE SET THEM APART FROM A RACE OF SAVAGE WOULD-BE TYRANTS.
IT IS CALLED THE RITE OF THE AUTOBRAND.
HSSSSSSSS!
TODAY, ON THE PLANET EARTH, IT HAS LOST NONE OF ITS SIGNIFICANCE...
WRITER BOB BUDIANSKY
PENCILER DON PERLIN
INKER AL GORDON
COLORIST NEL YOMTOV
LETTERER JANICE CHIANG

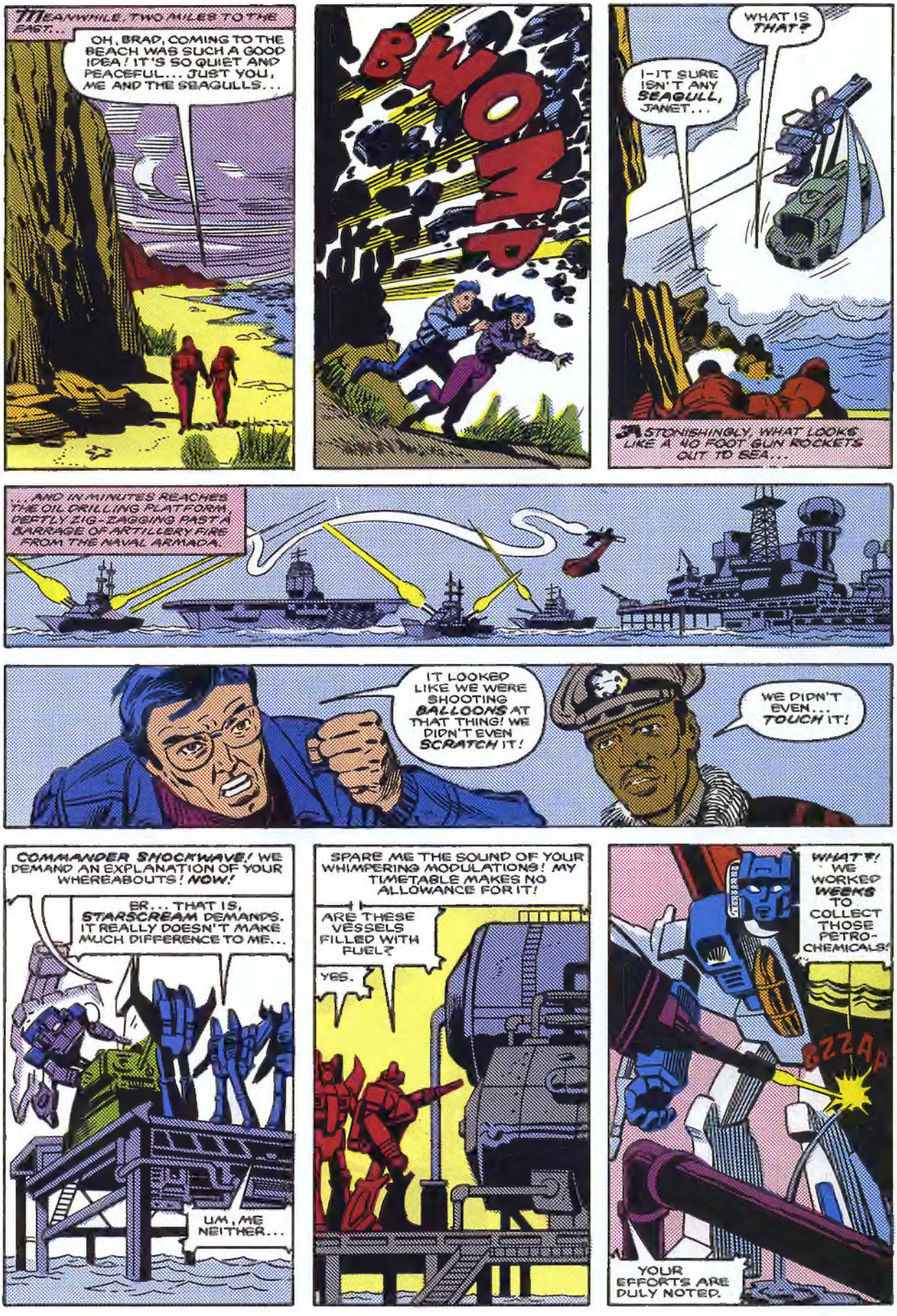

TO QUOTE THE OLD CYBERTRONIC PROVERB, JETFIRE, "MAY YOUR LUSTER NEVER DULL, AND YOUR WIRES NEVER CROSS!"
I AM HONORED TO JOIN THE AUTOBOTS, OPTIMUS PRIME!
YOU RESCUED ME FROM FALLING INTO THE DECEPTICON CAMP, AND USED THE CREATION MATRIX TO IGNITE THE SPARK OF LIFE WITHIN ME.
I HUMBLY OFFER YOU MY THANKS. MY SERVICES ARE YOURS FOR ETERNITY.
I ONLY HELPED YOU ACHIEVE YOUR MAXIMUM MECHANICAL POTENTIAL. IT WAS THE LEAST I COULD DO. AND, AS FOR SERVING ME, UNDERSTAND THAT ONLY COMMON CAUSE AND MUTUAL AGREEMENT BIND ONE AUTOBOT TO ANOTHER.
BY COMMANDING, IT IS I WHO SERVE -- FOR THAT IS WHAT THE OTHER AUTOBOTS ASK OF ME.
IF EVER THEY SHOULD WANT ME TO STEP DOWN, I WILL. IF EVER YOU WANT TO LEAVE, YOU MAY. THAT IS THE RIGHT OF EVERY AUTOBOT.
NOW, PLEASE, TAKE THIS. WITHIN IT MINGLE THE DONATED FUELS OF YOUR NEW AUTOBOT BRETHREN.
YOUR ACCEPTANCE OF IT SYMBOLIZES YOUR BECOMING ONE WITH US!
WELCOME TO THE AUTOBOTS, JETFIRE!
THE JOYFUL WORDS OF OPTIMUS PRIME RESONATE WITHIN THE VOLCANIC CAVERN THAT BERTHS THE AUTOBOT'S DAMAGED SPACECRAFT, THE ARK...
TTT MINUTES LATER...
YOU ARE THE FIRST OF A NEW GENERATION OF AUTOBOTS, JETFIRE -- BUILT ON EARTH TO DEFEND EARTH FROM THE DECEPTICONS.
THEY'VE INFLICTED HEAVY CASUALTIES UPON US.

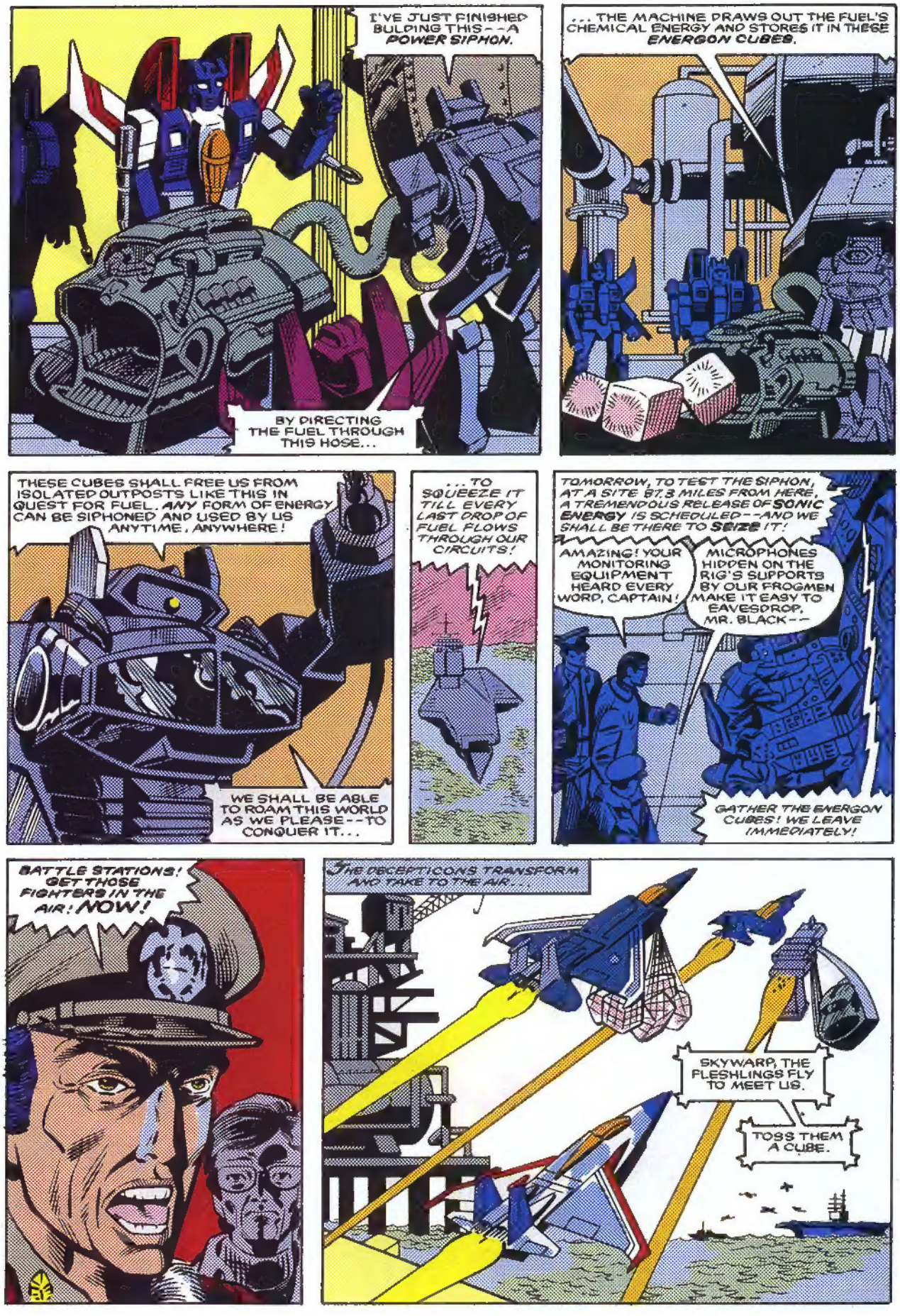

YOUR ADDITION TO OUR GROUP--AND THE ADDITION OF OTHERS LIKE YOU--IS VITAL IN MAINTAINING OUR FIGHTING STRENGTH.
BUT MEANWHILE, HERE IN OUR REPAIR BAY, CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER *RATCHET* IS GETTING OUR INJURED BACK TO COMBAT-READY STATUS.
DON'T EXPECT ANY "MIRACLES", OPTIMUS! I'M SHORT SPARE PARTS, BONDING ALLOYS, EVEN GASKETS TO STOP SOME OF THEM FROM LEAKING TO DEATH!
SOME OF THESE POOR WRECKS MAY *NEVER* FIGHT FOR YOU AGAIN!
DO WHAT YOU CAN--BUT FOR *THEIR* SAKE, NOT MINE, RATCHET.
I KNOW YOU'RE TRYING YOUR BEST. I KNOW.
SOON, ELSEWHERE IN THE ARK...
THE MEDICAL REPORT IS NOT GOOD, *WHEELJACK*. HOW GOES YOUR WORK WITH THE *MIND BANK*?
EVERYTHING'S WIRED UP AND READY TO GO. ALL SYSTEMS CHECK OUT.
THOSE ENGRAMS HAVE BEEN DORMANT 4,000,000 YEARS. BUT IF *I* CAN'T WAKE 'EM UP, *NO ONE* CAN!
WHAT DOES ALL THIS MEAN?
HOPEFULLY, YOU WILL SOON SEE, JETFIRE. WHEELJACK... PROCEED.
CLIK
FIVE GLEAMING CRYSTALS ARE LOWERED ONTO FIVE RECEPTACLES MOUNTED ON A CONSOLE.


BEFORE THEM FIVE LIFELESS FORMS STAND IMMOBILE.
THE CONSOLE HUMS LOUDER AND LOUDER AS THE ENERGY LEVEL WITHIN IT BUILDS...
...UNTIL...
THE TRANSFERRAL PROCESS BEGINS!
FIVE FINGERS OF LIGHT STREAK ACROSS THE CHAMBER AND FIND FIVE TARGETS --
--GRAPPLE...
...HOIST...
...SMOKESCREEN...
...SKIDS...
...AND TRACKS!

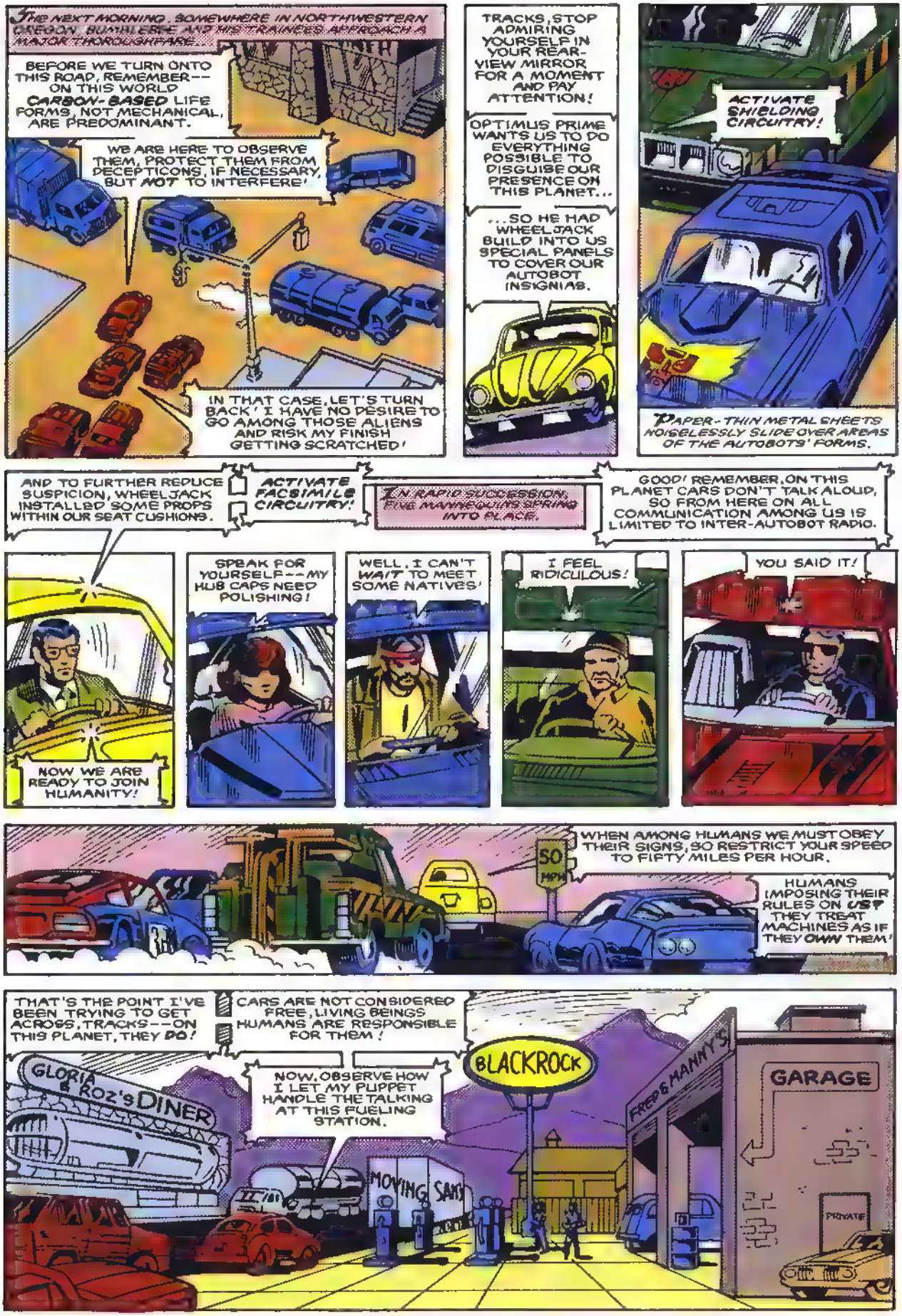

WHAT HAPPENED?
WHERE AM I?
AMONG FRIENDS.
COMMANDER OPTIMUS PRIME!
A GOOD SIGN. AFTER 4,000,000 YEARS HE REMEMBERS YOU. THEIR MINDS APPEAR INTACT.
WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT?
I WILL EXPLAIN. LONG AGO ON CYBERTRON, OTHER AUTOBOTS AND I WERE EMBARKING ON A PERILOUS MISSION INTO SPACE. YOU FIVE ALLOWED ME TO COPY YOUR MINDS IN CASE I REQUIRED MORE WARRIORS DURING THE MISSION.
YOUR ENGRAMS WERE ENCODED AS A PATTERN OF LIGHT WITHIN CRYSTALLINE CONTAINMENT VESSELS.
THE DECEPTICONS AMBUSHED US, CAUSING THE ARK TO CRASH-LAND HERE ON EARTH. OUR WAR CONTINUES...
...AND NOW, YOUR PRESENCE IS NEEDED.
THE ARK BUILT THESE FIVE BODIES INTO WHICH I'VE JUST PLACED YOUR MINDS. NOW, ALL OF YOU LIVE — FOR A SECOND TIME!
BUMBLEBEE WILL HELP ACCLIMATE YOU TO YOUR NEW ENVIRONMENT.
EARTHLINGS WOULD CALL ME A TOUR GUIDE!
THEN LET'S GET GOING!
ER, GRAPPLE, ON CYBERTRON YOU WERE A RENOWNED ARCHITECT. I NEED YOUR SKILLS HERE FOR THE MOMENT.
AS YOU WISH, COMMANDER.
AUTOBOTS, TRANSFORM!
REMEMBER, THIS IS A TRAINING MISSION. UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES ARE YOU TO ENGAGE THE ENEMY. YOU'RE NOT READY FOR THAT YET.
LET'S ROLL!
THIS IS A WEIRD FORM... NOTHING LIKE THE ONE I HAD ON CYBERTRON!
WELL, I'M NOT SURE...
I LIKE MINE...
GET USED TO IT, FRIENDS... 'CAUSE AS LONG AS WE'RE AMONG EARTHLINGS, THAT'S THE WAY YOU'RE GOING TO STAY!
YOU MEAN THEY ALL LOOK LIKE THIS?

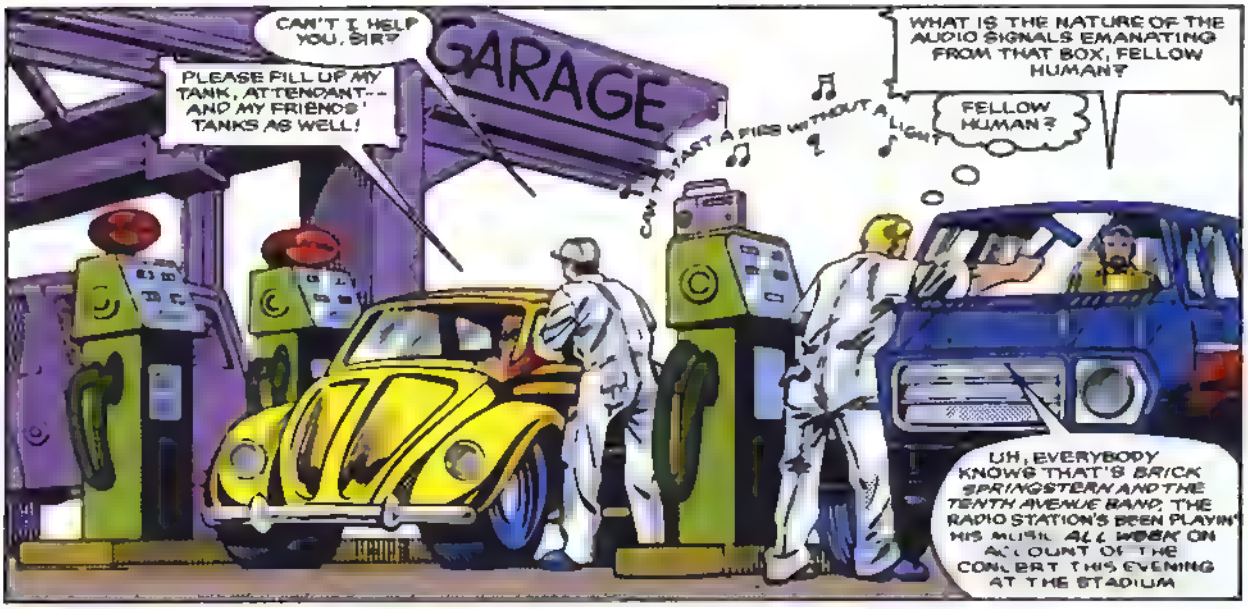

MEANWHILE, AS BUMBLEBEE STRUGGLES TO ANSWER SKIDS' QUESTIONS, TWO MILES OFF THE OREGON COAST ANOTHER MISSION IS UNDER WAY...
THIS ISN'T MY IDEA OF A FUN WEEKEND.
IT'S NOT MINE EITHER, MR. BLACKROCK. BUT YOU'RE THE ONE WHO ASKED TO COME HERE TO CHECK ON WHAT WE'RE DOING, AND IT'S MY JOB TO ESCORT YOU.
REMIND ME TO THANK YOU ONE DAY, BARNETT. NICE TO KNOW YOU GOVERNMENT INTELLIGENCE GUYS ARE DOING SOMETHING USEFUL WITH MY TAXES...SPENDING IT ON ME!
KEEP IT DOWN ABOUT MY JOB. THESE CREWMEN ALL THINK I'M A VISITING NAVAL OFFICER. I'VE GOT A COVER TO MAINTAIN!
WELL, I'VE GOT AN INDUSTRIAL EMPIRE TO MAINTAIN, BEGINNING WITH RECOVERING THAT OIL RIG FROM THOSE ROBOTS.*
WE'VE ALREADY BEEN THROUGH THIS, MR. BLACKROCK... ANY ASSAULT ON THE RIG COULD CAUSE OIL LEAKAGE--AND SEVERE ENVIRONMENTAL DAMAGE!
* THE DECEPTICONS STOLE THE RIG IN TRANSFORMERS # 8.
"MEANWHILE, WE CAN AT LEAST MAKE SURE NO ONE GETS IN... OR OUT!"
AND, SEVERAL HUNDRED YARDS AWAY ABOARD THE RIG...
SHOCKWAVE HAS ABANDONED US! WE'VE BEEN HERE FOR WEEKS AWAITING HIS NEXT ORDER! IF HE WON'T COMMAND THE DECEPTICONS...
...THEN I WILL!
WE'RE SURROUNDED, STARSCREAM! TRAPPED! WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE NOW WHO COMMANDS?
SKYWARP IS RIGHT! EVEN WITH OUR VAST FIREPOWER, WE'RE OUTGUNNED BY THE FLESHLINGS' SHIPS!
I DIDN'T ACCEPT THE JOB OF HEADING THIS ENERGY-PROCUREMENT OPERATION TO BECOME SHOCKWAVE'S FOOL, THUNDERCRACKER! WE MUST DO SOMETHING!

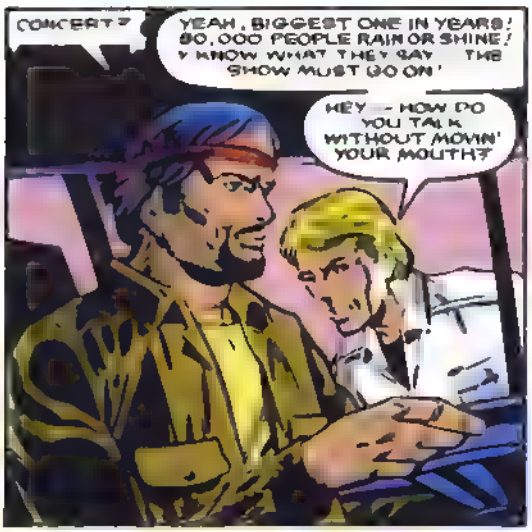

MEANWHILE, TWO MILES TO THE EAST...
OH, BRAD, COMING TO THE BEACH WAS SUCH A GOOD IDEA! IT'S SO QUIET AND PEACEFUL... JUST YOU, ME AND THE SEAGULLS...
BWOMP
WHAT IS THAT?
I-IT SURE ISN'T ANY SEAGULL, JANET...
ASTONISHINGLY, WHAT LOOKS LIKE A NO FOOT GUN ROCKETS OUT TO SEA...
...AND IN MINUTES REACHES THE OIL DRILLING PLATFORM, DEFTLY ZIG-ZAGGING PAST A BARRAGE OF ARTILLERY FIRE FROM THE NAVAL ARMADA.
IT LOOKED LIKE WE WERE SHOOTING BALLOONS AT THAT THING! WE DIDN'T EVEN SCRATCH IT!
WE DIDN'T EVEN... TOUCH IT!
COMMANDER SHOCKWAVE! WE DEMAND AN EXPLANATION OF YOUR WHEREABOUTS! NOW!
ER... THAT IS, STARSCREAM DEMANDS. IT REALLY DOESN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE TO ME...
UM, ME NEITHER...
SPARE ME THE SOUND OF YOUR WHIMPERING MODULATIONS! MY TIMETABLE MAKES NO ALLOWANCE FOR IT!
ARE THESE VESSELS FILLED WITH FUEL?
YES.
WHAT?! WE WORKED WEEKS TO COLLECT THOSE PETRO-CHEMICALS!
BZZAP
YOUR EFFORTS ARE DULY NOTED.

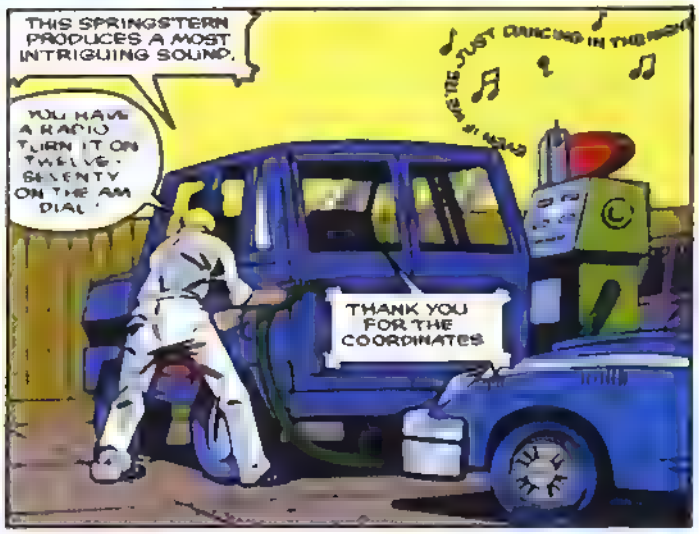

I'VE JUST FINISHED BULDING THIS--A POWER SIPHON.
BY DIRECTING THE FUEL THROUGH THIS HOSE...
... THE MACHINE DRAWS OUT THE FUEL'S CHEMICAL ENERGY AND STORES IT IN THESE ENERGON CUBES.
THESE CUBES SHALL FREE US FROM ISOLATED OUTPOSTS LIKE THIS IN QUEST FOR FUEL. ANY FORM OF ENERGY CAN BE SIPHONED AND USED BY US ANYTIME, ANYWHERE!
WE SHALL BE ABLE TO ROAM THIS WORLD AS WE PLEASE--TO CONQUER IT...
... TO SQUEEZE IT TILL EVERY LAST DROP OF FUEL FLOWS THROUGH OUR CIRCUITS!
TOMORROW, TO TEST THE SIPHON, AT A SITE 87.3 MILES FROM HERE, A TREMENDOUS RELEASE OF SONIC ENERGY IS SCHEDULED--AND WE SHALL BE THERE TO SEIZE IT!
AMAZING! YOUR MONITORING EQUIPMENT HEARD EVERY WORD, CAPTAIN!
MICROPHONES HIDDEN ON THE RIG'S SUPPORTS BY OUR FROGMEN MAKE IT EASY TO EAVESDROP, MR. BLACK--
GATHER THE ENERGON CUBES! WE LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!
BATTLE STATIONS! GET THOSE FIGHTERS IN THE AIR! NOW!
THE DECEPTICONS TRANSFORM AND TAKE TO THE AIR...
SKYWARP, THE FLESHLINGS FLY TO MEET US.
TOSS THEM A CUBE.

AS YOU...
...COMMAND!
BKR-
OWEE
SHOCKWAVE BURSTS THE CUBE WITH A SINGLE BOLT OF POWERFUL X-RAYS...
...AND A BLINDING RELEASE OF ENERGY PAINTS EVERYTHING WHITE!
TEN MINUTES LATER...
MY EYE-SIGHT'S COMING BACK...I DON'T SEE THEM!
THEY... THEY GOT AWAY! THEY MADE THE STRONGEST NAVAL FORCE THIS SIDE OF THE PACIFIC LOOK LIKE TOY BOATS FLOATING IN A BATHTUB.
AND WE COULDN'T DO A THING TO STOP THEM! NOT A THING!
BLAST!

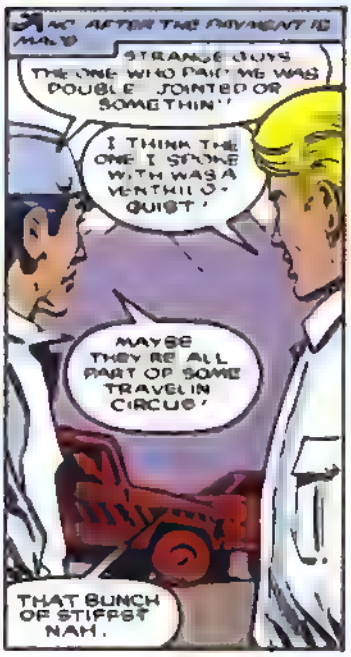

THE NEXT MORNING. SOMEWHERE IN NORTHWESTERN OREGON, BUMBLEBEE AND HIS TRAINEES APPROACH A MAJOR THOROUGHFARE.
BEFORE WE TURN ONTO THIS ROAD, REMEMBER--ON THIS WORLD CARBON-BASED LIFE FORMS, NOT MECHANICAL, ARE PREDOMINANT.
WE ARE HERE TO OBSERVE THEM, PROTECT THEM FROM DECEPTICONS, IF NECESSARY, BUT NOT TO INTERFERE!
IN THAT CASE, LET'S TURN BACK! I HAVE NO DESIRE TO GO AMONG THOSE ALIENS AND RISK MY FINISH GETTING SCRATCHED!
TRACKS, STOP ADMIRING YOURSELF IN YOUR REAR-VIEW MIRROR FOR A MOMENT AND PAY ATTENTION!
OPTIMUS PRIME WANTS US TO DO EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO DISGUISE OUR PRESENCE ON THIS PLANET...
...SO HE HAD WHEELJACK BUILD INTO US SPECIAL PANELS TO COVER OUR AUTOBOT INSIGNIAS.
ACTIVATE SHIELDING CIRCUITRY!
PAPER-THIN METAL SHEETS NOISELESSLY SLIDE OVER AREAS OF THE AUTOBOTS' FORMS.
AND TO FURTHER REDUCE SUSPICION, WHEELJACK INSTALLED SOME PROPS WITHIN OUR SEAT CUSHIONS.
ACTIVATE FACSIMILE CIRCUITRY!
IN RAPID SUCCESSION, FIVE MANNEQUINS SPRING INTO PLACE.
GOOD! REMEMBER, ON THIS PLANET CARS DON'T TALK ALOUD, SO FROM HERE ON ALL COMMUNICATION AMONG US IS LIMITED TO INTER-AUTOBOT RADIO.
NOW WE ARE READY TO JOIN HUMANITY!
SPEAK FOR YOURSELF--MY HUB CAPS NEED POLISHING!
WELL, I CAN'T WAIT TO MEET SOME NATIVES!
I FEEL RIDICULOUS!
YOU SAID IT!
50 MPH
WHEN AMONG HUMANS WE MUST OBEY THEIR SIGNS, SO RESTRICT YOUR SPEED TO FIFTY MILES PER HOUR.
HUMANS IMPOSING THEIR RULES ON US? THEY TREAT MACHINES AS IF THEY OWN THEM!
THAT'S THE POINT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET ACROSS, TRACKS--ON THIS PLANET, THEY DO!
CARS ARE NOT CONSIDERED FREE, LIVING BEINGS HUMANS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THEM!
NOW, OBSERVE HOW I LET MY PUPPET HANDLE THE TALKING AT THIS FUELING STATION.
GLORIA & ROZ'S DINER
BLACKROCK
FRED & MANNY'S
GARAGE
MOVING SALE
PRIVATE

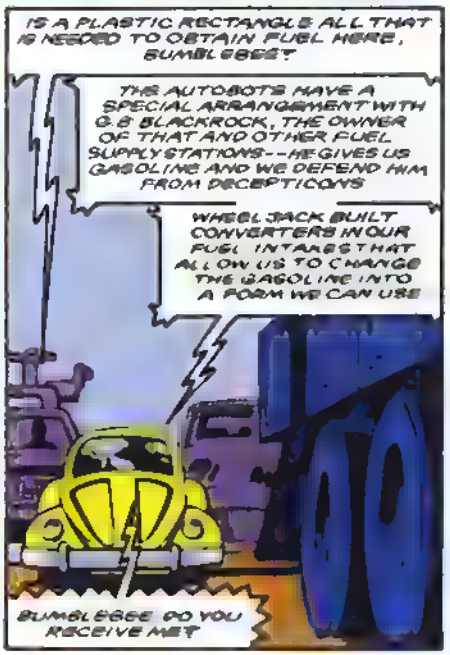

GARAGE
CAN'T I HELP YOU, SIR?
PLEASE FILL UP MY TANK, ATTENDANT-- AND MY FRIENDS' TANKS AS WELL!
CAN'T START A FIRE WITHOUT A LIGHT
WHAT IS THE NATURE OF THE AUDIO SIGNALS EMANATING FROM THAT BOX, FELLOW HUMAN?
FELLOW HUMAN?
UH, EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT'S BRICK SPRINGSTERN AND THE TENTH AVENUE BAND. THE RADIO STATION'S BEEN PLAYIN' HIS MUSIC ALL WEEK ON ACCOUNT OF THE CONCERT THIS EVENING AT THE STADIUM


CONCERT?
YEAH, BIGGEST ONE IN YEARS! 80,000 PEOPLE RAIN OR SHINE! Y KNOW WHAT THEY SAY... THE SHOW MUST GO ON!
HEY -- HOW DO YOU TALK WITHOUT MOVIN' YOUR MOUTH?

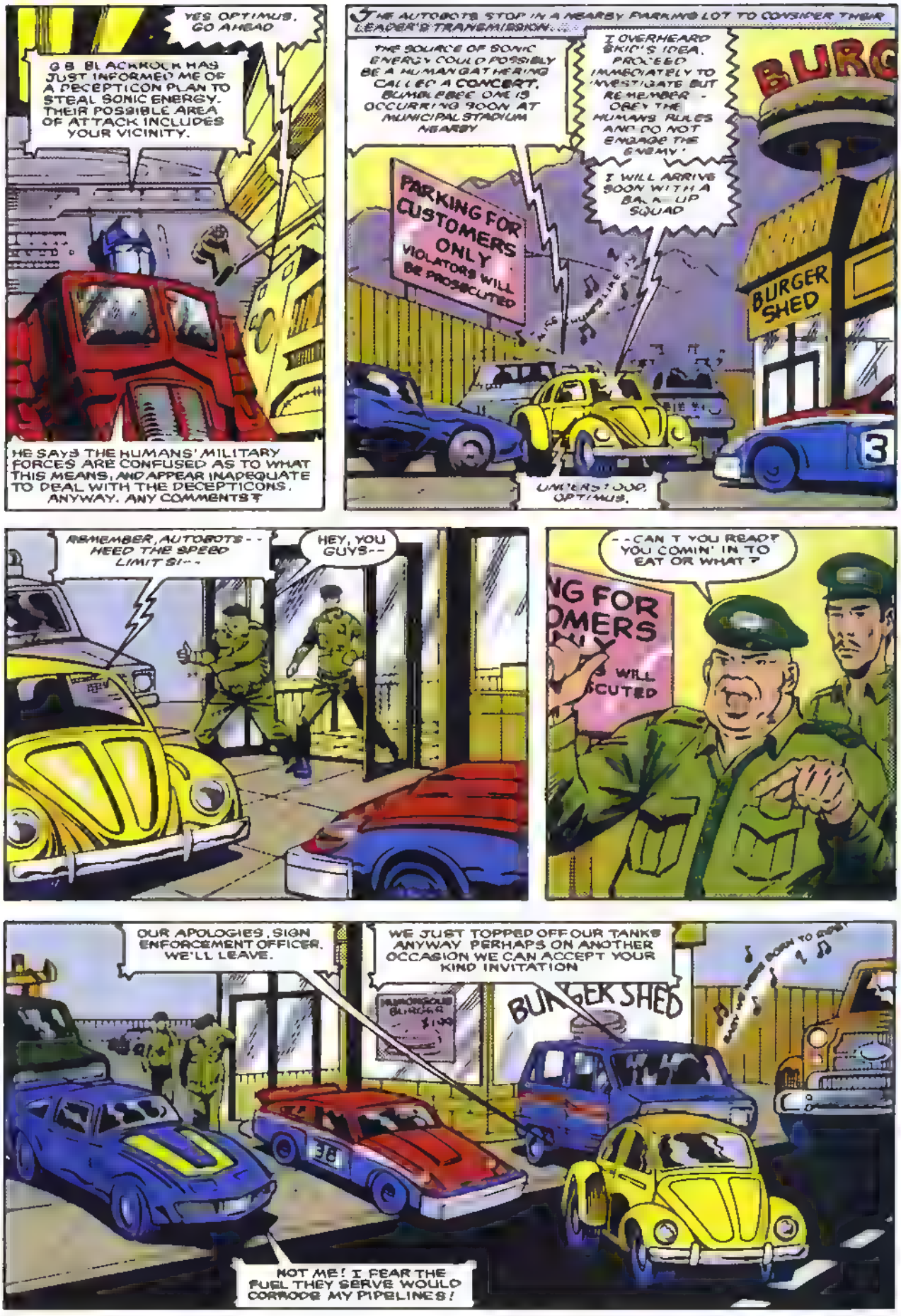

THIS SPRINGSTERN PRODUCES A MOST INTRIGUING SOUND.
WE'RE JUST DANCING IN THE DARK
YOU HAVE A RADIO TURN IT ON TWELVE-SEVENTY ON THE AM DIAL
THANK YOU FOR THE COORDINATES

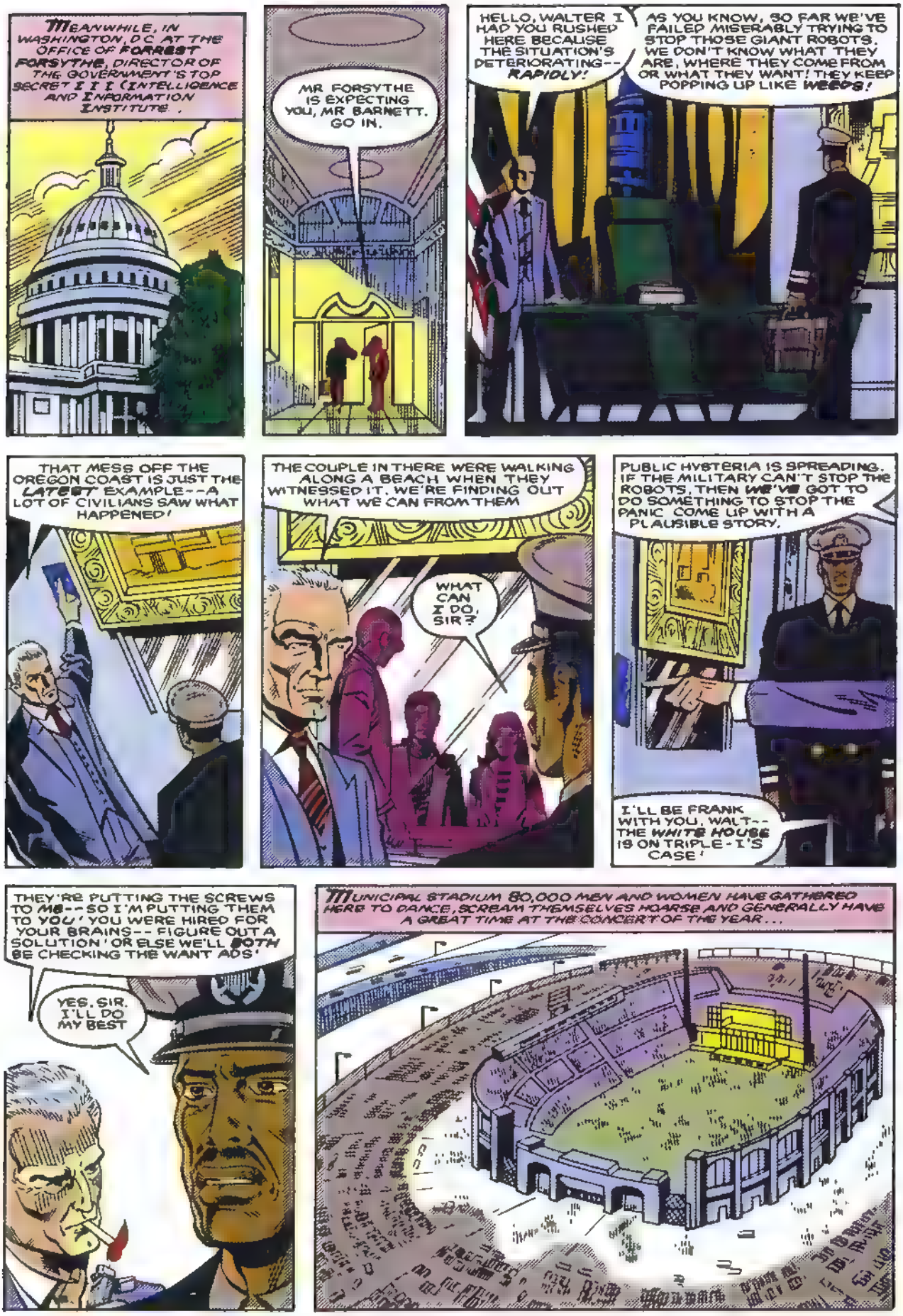
SOON AFTER ALL FIVE AUTOBOT TANKS ARE FILLED
THAT'S $82.40
PLEASE CHARGE IT TO MY BLACKROCK GOLD PRIORITY CARD
UH YEAH, SURE

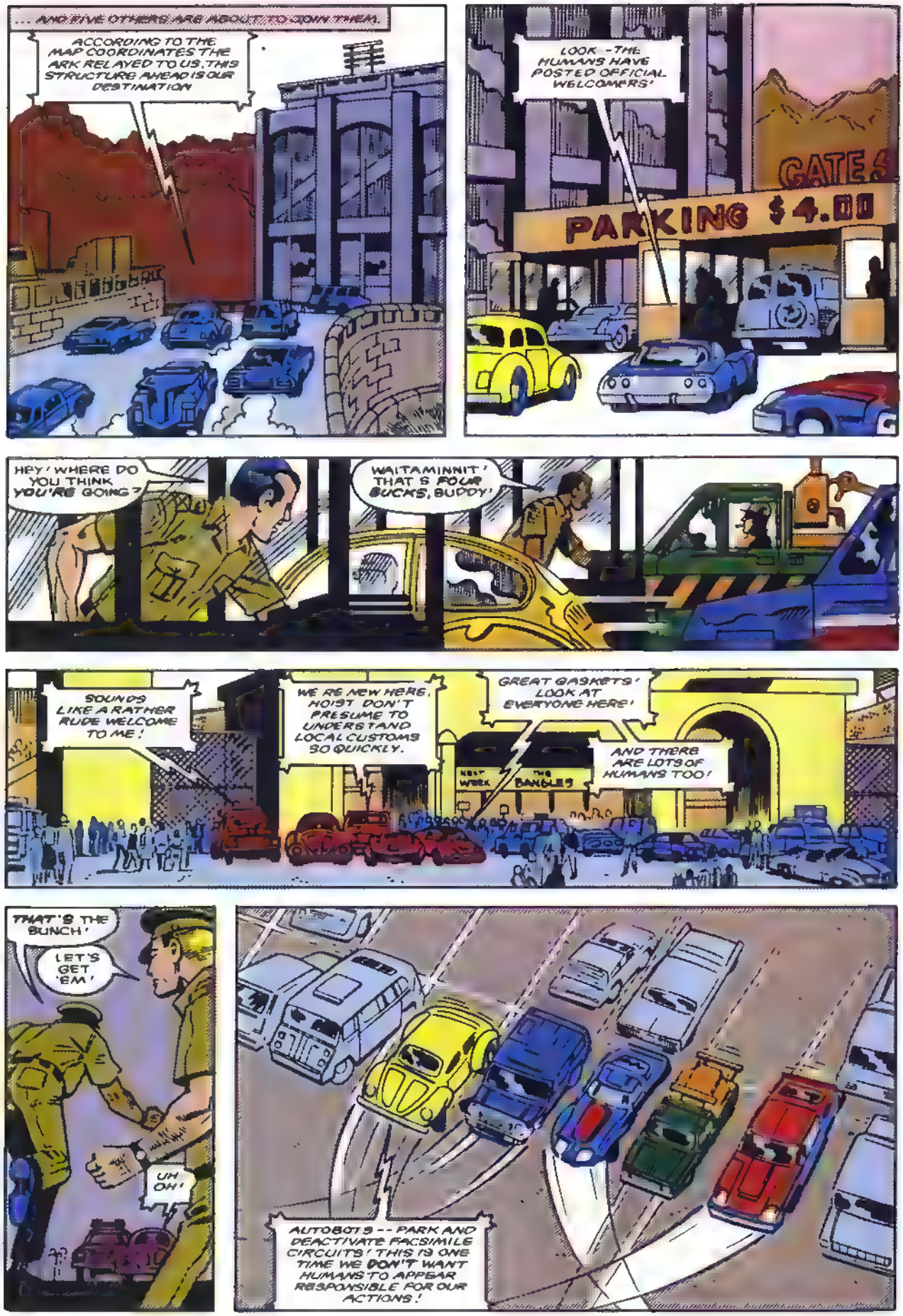

AND AFTER THE PAYMENT IS MADE
STRANGE GUYS... THE ONE WHO PAID ME WAS DOUBLE JOINTED OR SOMETHIN'
I THINK THE ONE I SPOKE WITH WAS A VENTRILO-QUIST
MAYBE THEY'RE ALL PART OF SOME TRAVELIN CIRCUS
THAT BUNCH OF STIFFS? NAH.

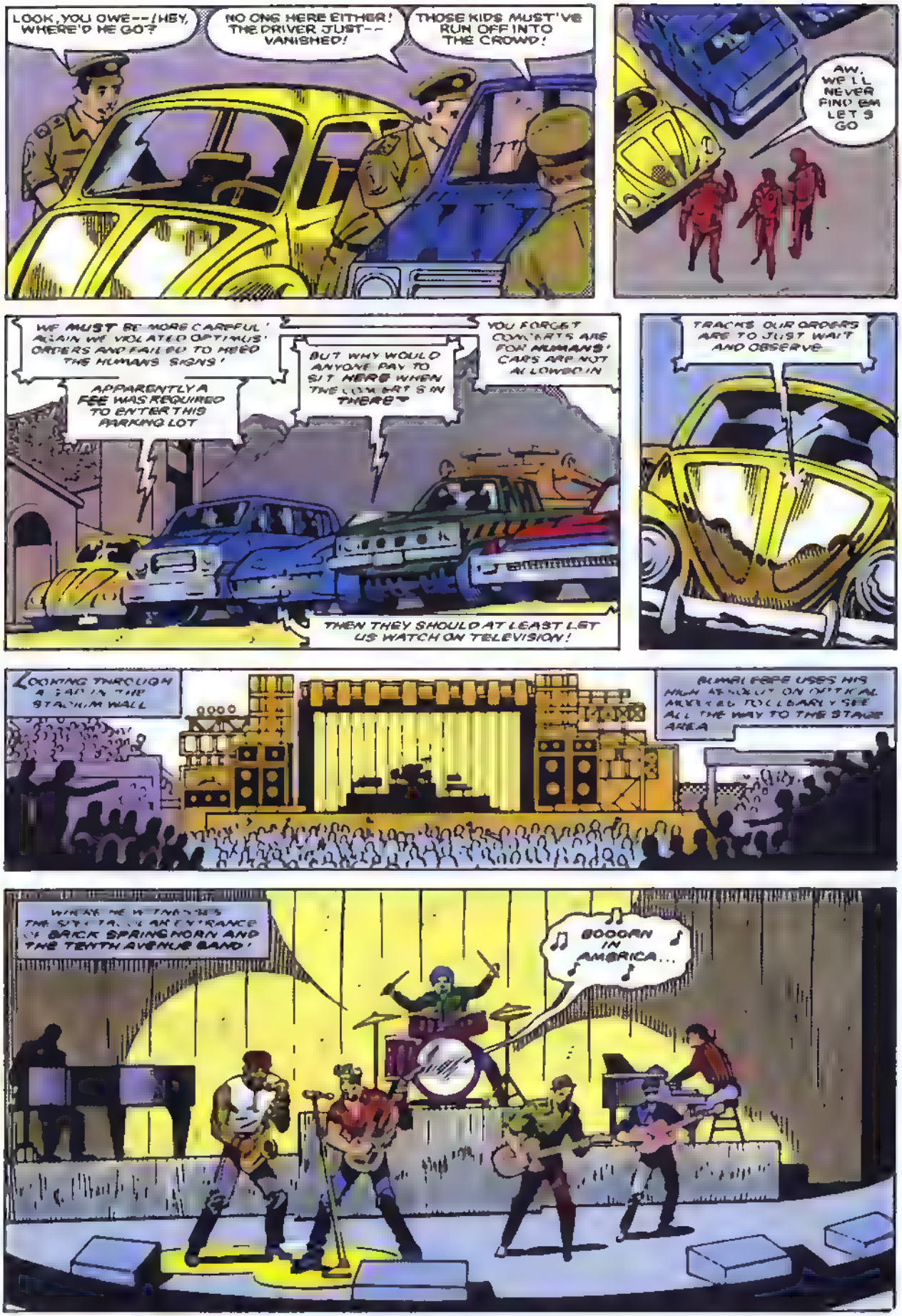

IS A PLASTIC RECTANGLE ALL THAT IS NEEDED TO OBTAIN FUEL HERE, BUMBLEBEE?
THE AUTOBOTS HAVE A SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH G.B BLACKROCK, THE OWNER OF THAT AND OTHER FUEL SUPPLY STATIONS--HE GIVES US GASOLINE AND WE DEFEND HIM FROM DECEPTICONS
WHEELJACK BUILT CONVERTERS IN OUR FUEL INTAKES THAT ALLOW US TO CHANGE THE GASOLINE INTO A FORM WE CAN USE
BUMBLEBEE DO YOU RECEIVE ME?

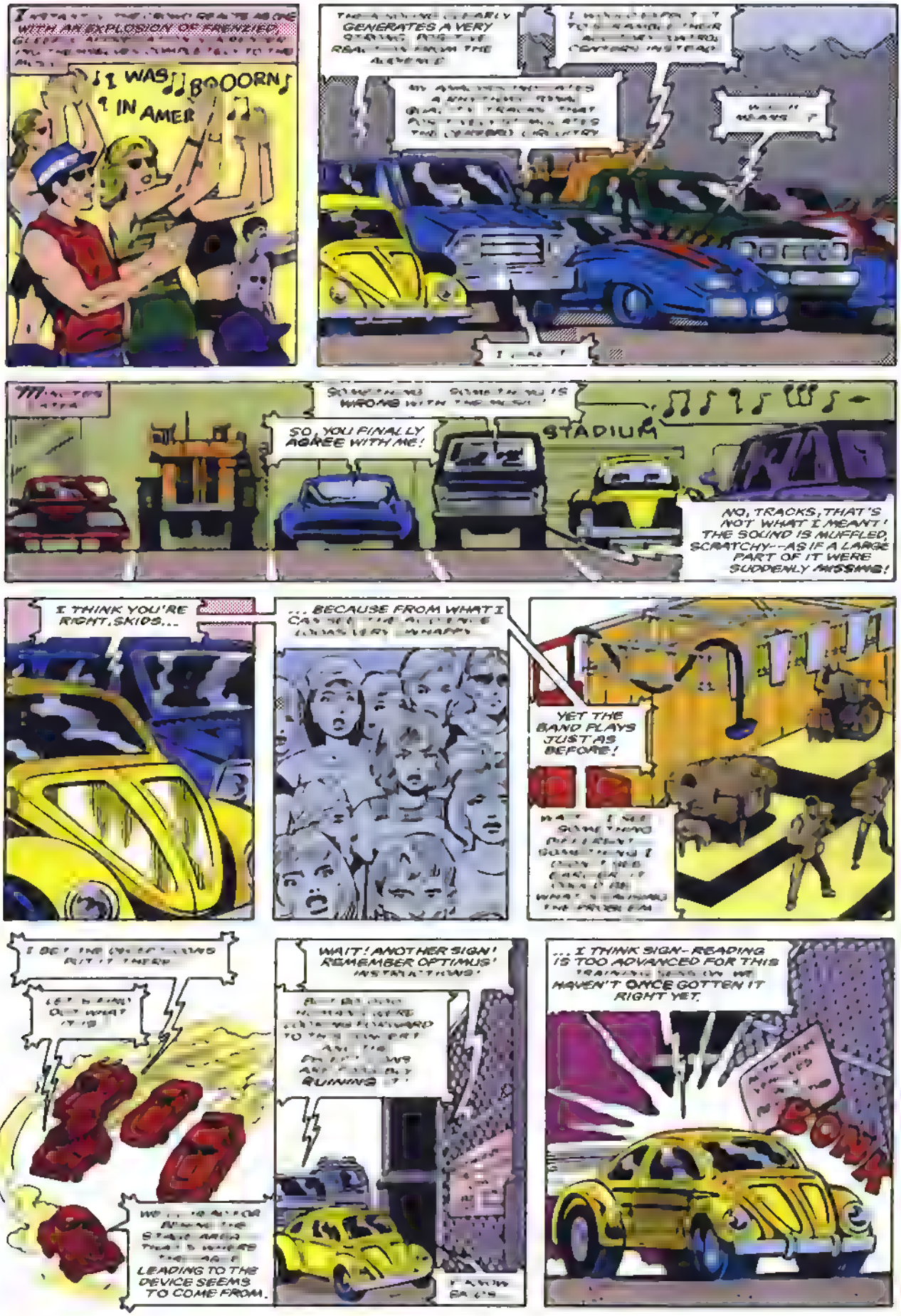
THE TRANSFORMERS
HEROIC AUTOBOT
STAGE FIGHT!
8 Page SPECIAL TEAMS Preview - FREE Inside!

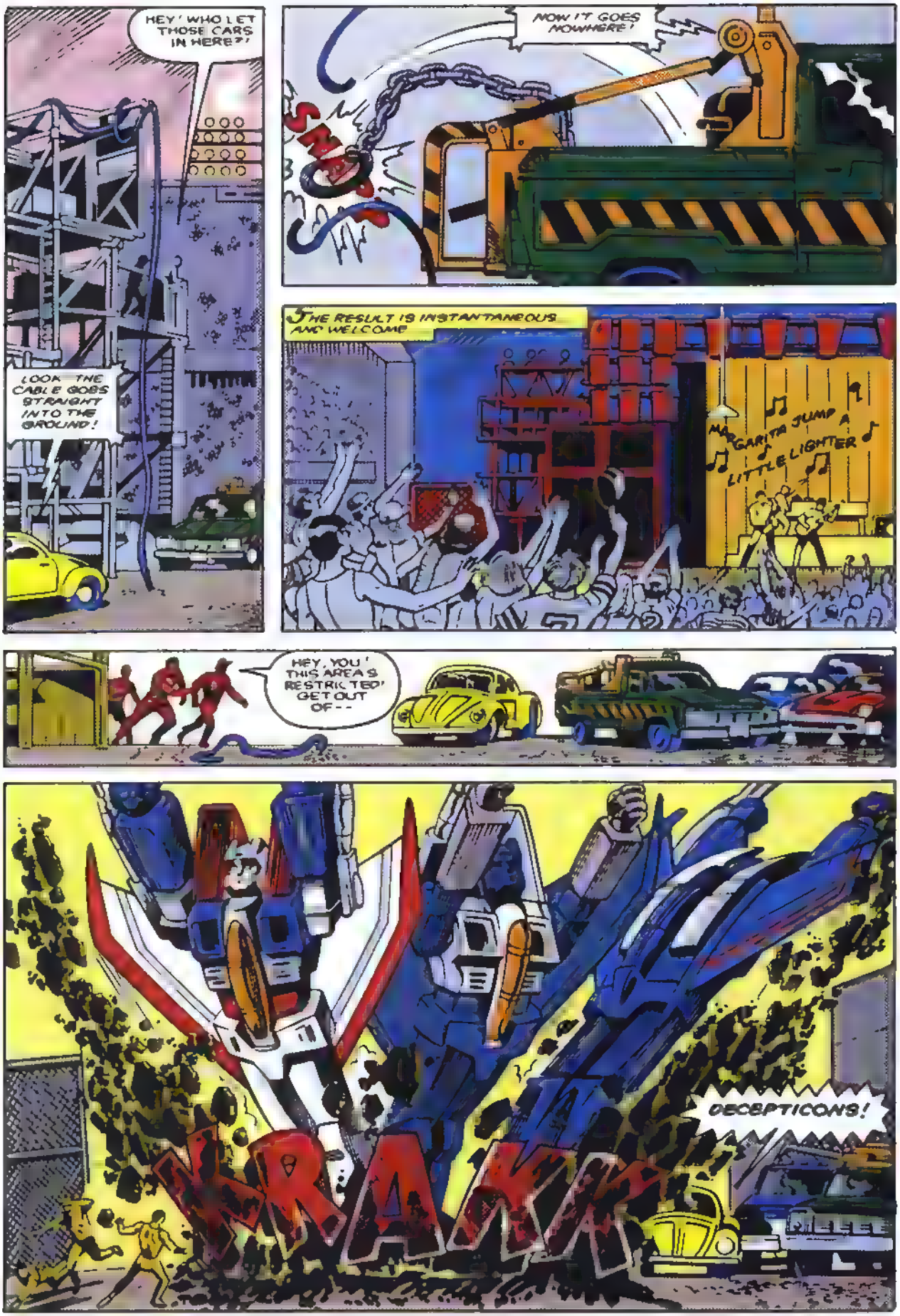

YES OPTIMUS, GO AHEAD
GB BLACKROCK HAS JUST INFORMED ME OF A DECEPTICON PLAN TO STEAL SONIC ENERGY. THEIR POSSIBLE AREA OF ATTACK INCLUDES YOUR VICINITY.
HE SAYS THE HUMANS' MILITARY FORCES ARE CONFUSED AS TO WHAT THIS MEANS, AND APPEAR INADEQUATE TO DEAL WITH THE DECEPTICONS. ANYWAY, ANY COMMENTS?
THE AUTOBOTS STOP IN A NEARBY PARKING LOT TO CONSIDER THEIR LEADER'S TRANSMISSION...
THE SOURCE OF SONIC ENERGY COULD POSSIBLY BE A HUMAN GATHERING CALLED A CONCERT. BUMBLEBEE ONE IS OCCURRING SOON AT MUNICIPAL STADIUM NEARBY
I OVERHEARD SKID'S IDEA. PROCEED IMMEDIATELY TO INVESTIGATE BUT REMEMBER - OBEY THE HUMANS' RULES AND DO NOT ENGAGE THE ENEMY.
I WILL ARRIVE SOON WITH A BACK-UP SQUAD
PARKING FOR CUSTOMERS ONLY VIOLATORS WILL BE PROSECUTED
BURGER SHED
UNDERSTOOD, OPTIMUS.
REMEMBER, AUTOBOTS -- HEED THE SPEED LIMIT SI--
HEY, YOU GUYS--
--CAN I YOU READY YOU COMIN' IN TO EAT OR WHAT?
OUR APOLOGIES, SIGN ENFORCEMENT OFFICER. WE'LL LEAVE.
WE JUST TOPPED OFF OUR TANKS ANYWAY PERHAPS ON ANOTHER OCCASION WE CAN ACCEPT YOUR KIND INVITATION
BURGER SHED
NOT ME! I FEAR THE FUEL THEY SERVE WOULD CORRODE MY PIPELINES!

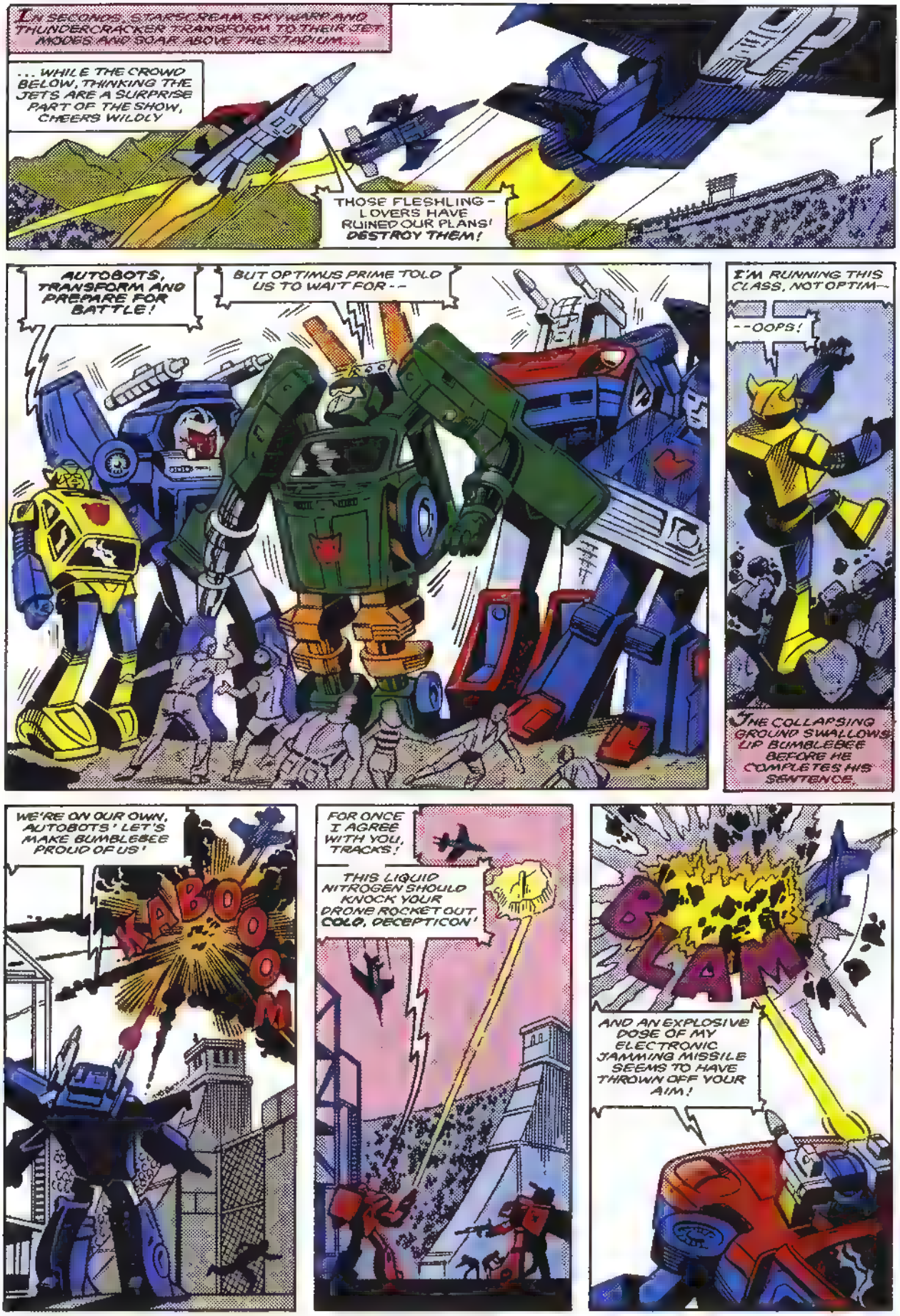

MEANWHILE, IN WASHINGTON, D.C. AT THE OFFICE OF FORREST FORSYTHE, DIRECTOR OF THE GOVERNMENT'S TOP SECRET I.I.I. (INTELLIGENCE AND INFORMATION INSTITUTE).
MR FORSYTHE IS EXPECTING YOU, MR BARNETT. GO IN.
HELLO, WALTER. I HAD YOU RUSHED HERE BECAUSE THE SITUATION'S DETERIORATING--RAPIDLY!
AS YOU KNOW, SO FAR WE'VE FAILED MISERABLY TRYING TO STOP THOSE GIANT ROBOTS. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY ARE, WHERE THEY COME FROM OR WHAT THEY WANT! THEY KEEP POPPING UP LIKE WEEDS!
THAT MESS OFF THE OREGON COAST IS JUST THE LATEST EXAMPLE--A LOT OF CIVILIANS SAW WHAT HAPPENED!
THE COUPLE IN THERE WERE WALKING ALONG A BEACH WHEN THEY WITNESSED IT. WE'RE FINDING OUT WHAT WE CAN FROM THEM
WHAT CAN I DO, SIR?
PUBLIC HYSTERIA IS SPREADING. IF THE MILITARY CAN'T STOP THE ROBOTS, THEN WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO STOP THE PANIC. COME UP WITH A PLAUSIBLE STORY.
I'LL BE FRANK WITH YOU, WALT--THE WHITE HOUSE IS ON TRIPLE-I'S CASE!
THEY'RE PUTTING THE SCREWS TO ME--SO I'M PUTTING THEM TO YOU! YOU WERE HIRED FOR YOUR BRAINS--FIGURE OUT A SOLUTION! OR ELSE WE'LL BOTH BE CHECKING THE WANT ADS!
YES, SIR. I'LL DO MY BEST
MUNICIPAL STADIUM. 80,000 MEN AND WOMEN HAVE GATHERED HERE TO DANCE, SCREAM THEMSELVES HOARSE AND GENERALLY HAVE A GREAT TIME AT THE CONCERT OF THE YEAR...

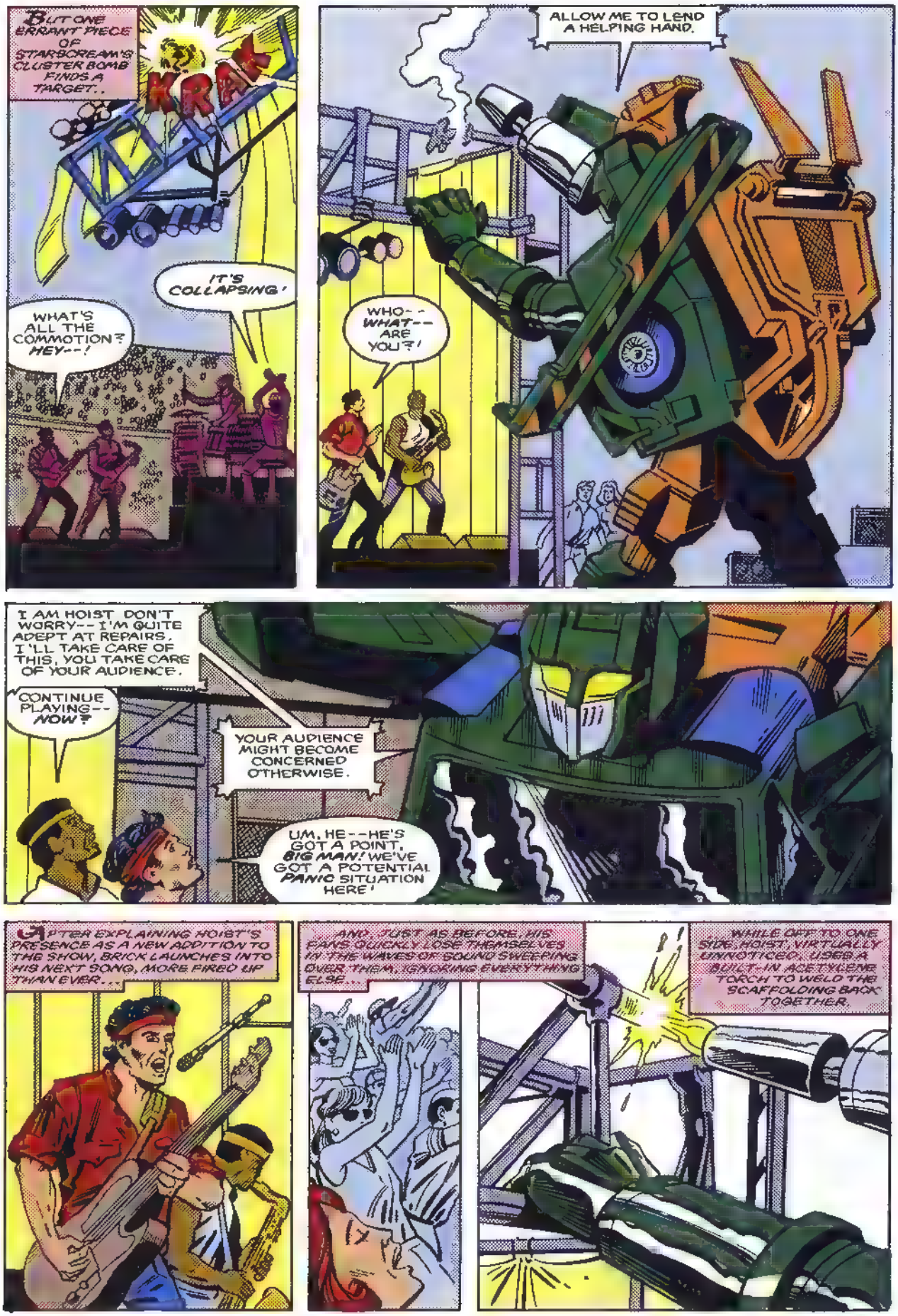

... AND FIVE OTHERS ARE ABOUT TO JOIN THEM.
ACCORDING TO THE MAP COORDINATES THE ARK RELAYED TO US, THIS STRUCTURE AHEAD IS OUR DESTINATION
LOOK -- THE HUMANS HAVE POSTED OFFICIAL WELCOMERS!
GATE 5
PARKING $4.00
HEY! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?
WAITAMINNIT! THAT'S FOUR BUCKS, BUDDY!
SOUNDS LIKE A RATHER RUDE WELCOME TO ME!
WE'RE NEW HERE, HOIST! DON'T PRESUME TO UNDERSTAND LOCAL CUSTOMS SO QUICKLY.
GREAT GASKETS! LOOK AT EVERYONE HERE!
AND THERE ARE LOTS OF HUMANS TOO!
NEXT WEEK THE BANGLES
THAT'S THE BUNCH!
LET'S GET 'EM!
UH OH!
AUTOBOTS -- PARK AND DEACTIVATE FACSIMILE CIRCUITS! THIS IS ONE TIME WE DON'T WANT HUMANS TO APPEAR RESPONSIBLE FOR OUR ACTIONS!

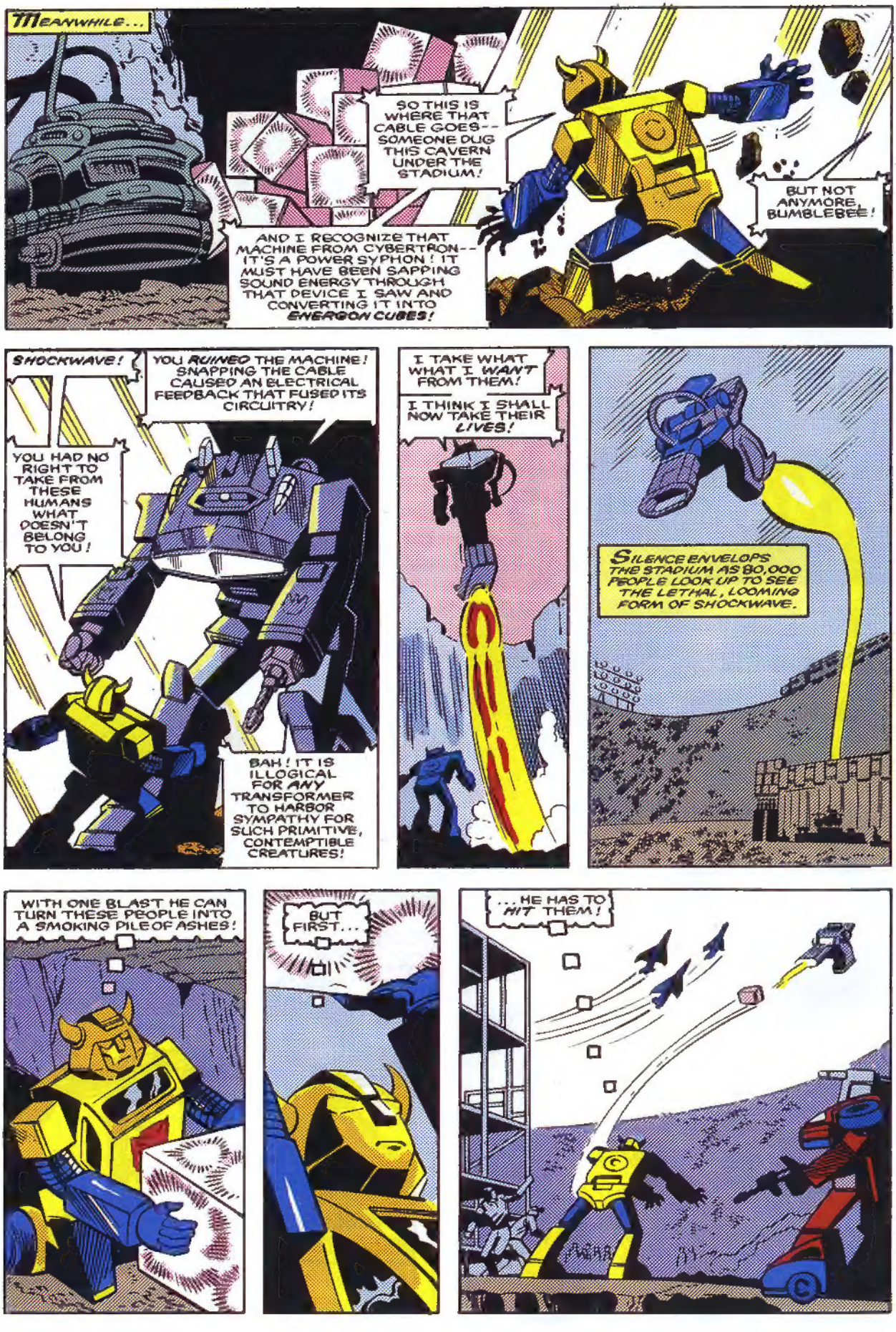

LOOK, YOU OWE--/HEY, WHERE'D HE GO?
NO ONE HERE EITHER! THE DRIVER JUST-- VANISHED!
THOSE KIDS MUST'VE RUN OFF INTO THE CROWD!
AW, WE'LL NEVER FIND 'EM LET'S GO
WE MUST BE MORE CAREFUL! AGAIN WE VIOLATED OPTIMUS' ORDERS AND FAILED TO HEED THE HUMANS' SIGNS!
APPARENTLY A FEE WAS REQUIRED TO ENTER THIS PARKING LOT
BUT WHY WOULD ANYONE PAY TO SIT HERE WHEN THE ENTERTAINMENT IS IN THERE?
YOU FORGET! COMBATANTS ARE FOR HUMANS! CARS ARE NOT ALLOWED IN
THEN THEY SHOULD AT LEAST LET US WATCH ON TELEVISION!
TRACKS! OUR ORDERS ARE TO JUST WAIT AND OBSERVE
LOOKING THROUGH A GAP IN THE STADIUM WALL
BUMBLEBEE USES HIS HIGH-RESOLUTION OPTICAL ANALYZER TO CLEARLY SEE ALL THE WAY TO THE STAGE AREA
WHERE HE WITNESSES THE SPECTACULAR ENTRANCE OF BRUCE SPRINGHORN AND THE TENTH AVENUE BAND!
BOOORN IN AMERICA...

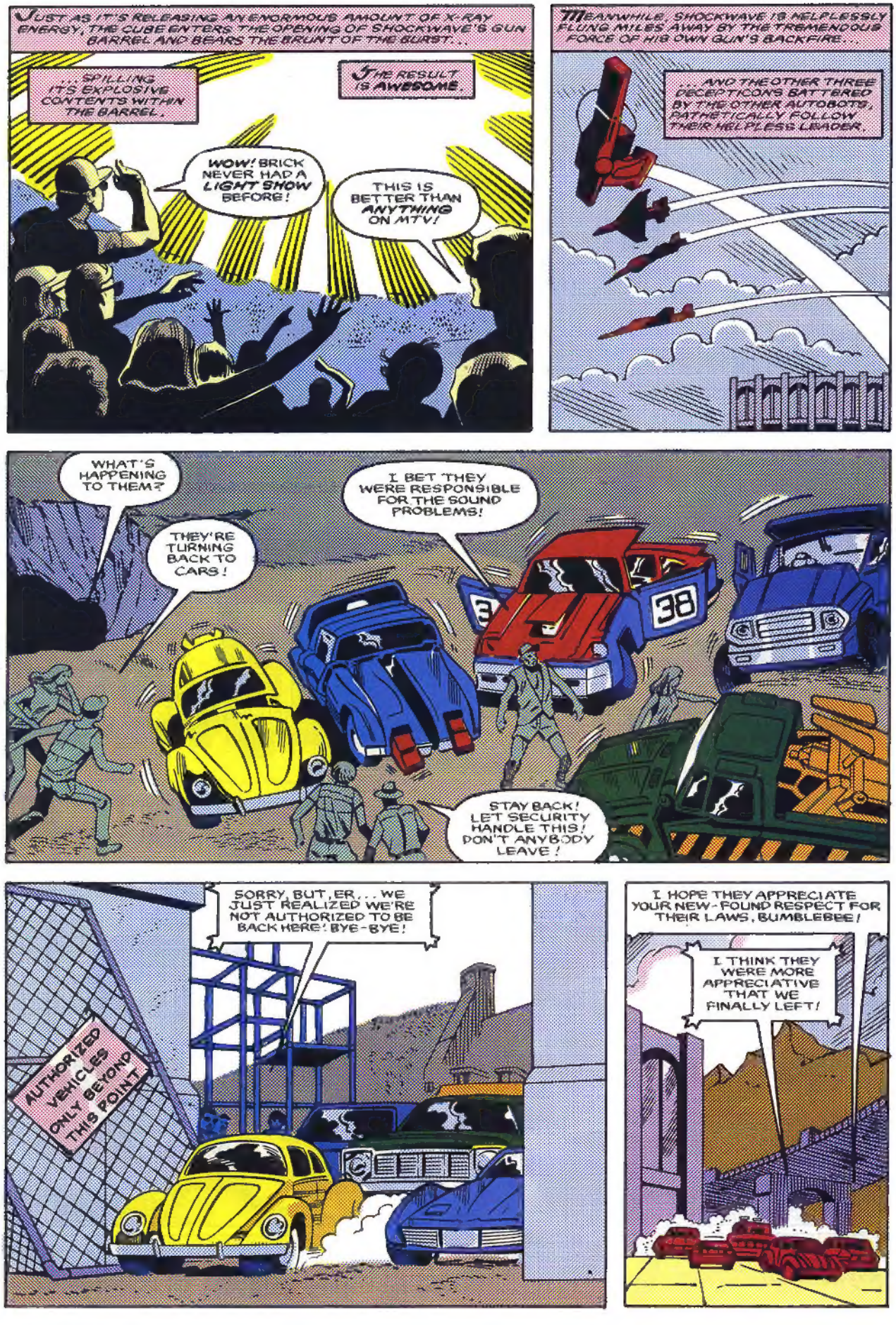

I WAS BOOORN IN AMER
STADIUM
SO, YOU FINALLY AGREE WITH ME!
NO, TRACKS, THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT! THE SOUND IS MUFFLED, SCRATCHY--AS IF A LARGE PART OF IT WERE SUDDENLY MISSING!
I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, SKIDS...
... BECAUSE FROM WHAT I CAN SEE THE AUDIENCE LOOKS VERY UNHAPPY.
YET THE BAND PLAYS JUST AS BEFORE!
WAIT! ANOTHER SIGN! REMEMBER OPTIMUS' INSTRUCTIONS!
... I THINK SIGN-READING IS TOO ADVANCED FOR THIS TRAINING LEVEL OR WE HAVEN'T ONCE GOTTEN IT RIGHT YET.
BONK

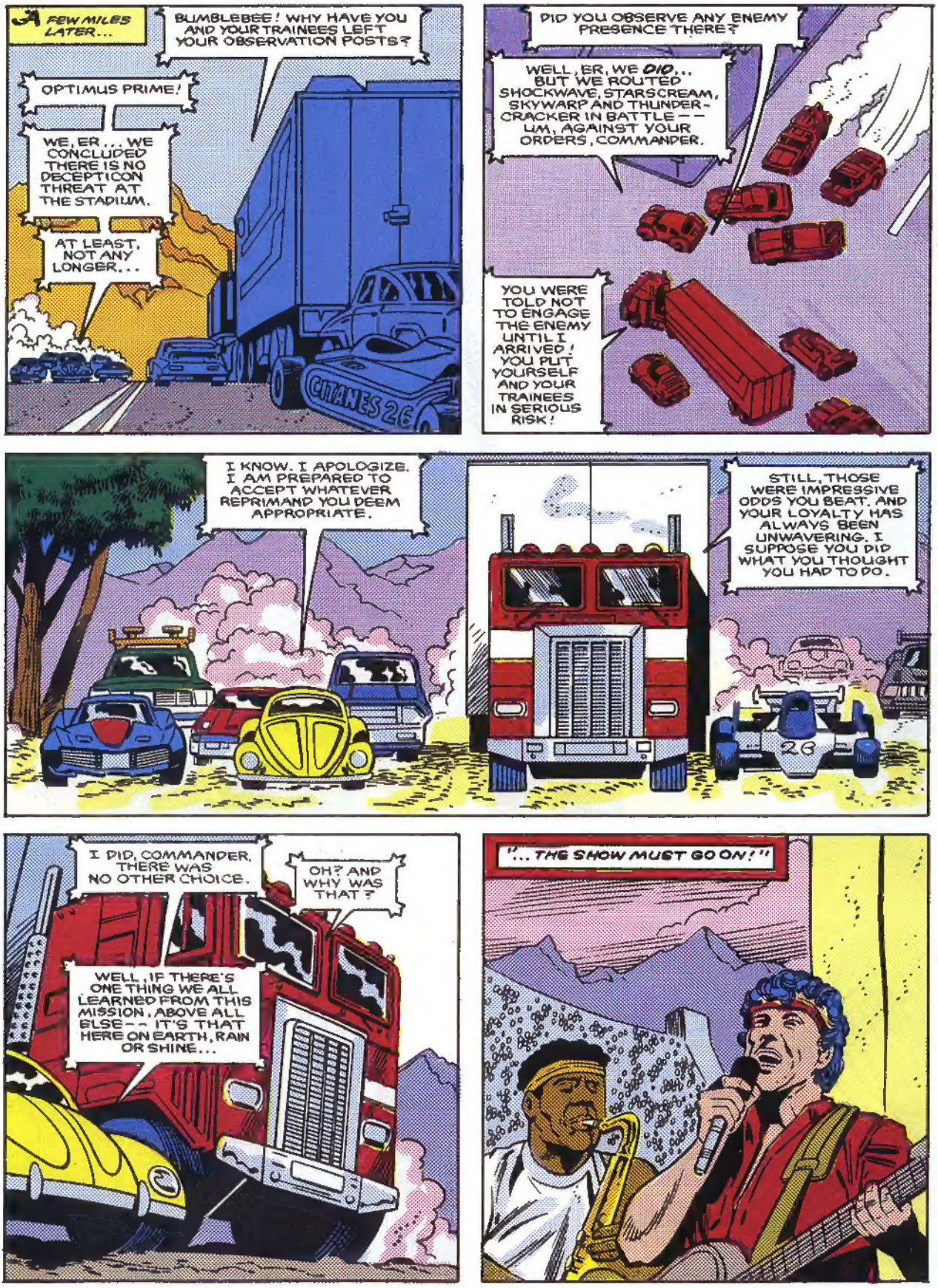

HEY! WHO LET THOSE CARS IN HERE?!
LOOK! THE CABLE GOES STRAIGHT INTO THE GROUND!
SNAP!
NOW IT GOES NOWHERE!
THE RESULT IS INSTANTANEOUS AND WELCOME
MARGARITA JUMP A LITTLE LIGHTER
HEY, YOU! THIS AREA'S RESTRICTED! GET OUT OF--
KRAK
DECEPTICONS!


IN SECONDS, STARSCREAM, SKYWARP AND THUNDERCRACKER TRANSFORM TO THEIR JET MODES AND SOAR ABOVE THE STADIUM...
...WHILE THE CROWD BELOW, THINKING THE JETS ARE A SURPRISE PART OF THE SHOW, CHEERS WILDLY
THOSE FLESHLING-LOVERS HAVE RUINED OUR PLANS! DESTROY THEM!
AUTOBOTS, TRANSFORM AND PREPARE FOR BATTLE!
BUT OPTIMUS PRIME TOLD US TO WAIT FOR--
I'M RUNNING THIS CLASS, NOT OPTIM--
--OOPS!
THE COLLAPSING GROUND SWALLOWS UP BUMBLEBEE BEFORE HE COMPLETES HIS SENTENCE.
WE'RE ON OUR OWN, AUTOBOTS! LET'S MAKE BUMBLEBEE PROUD OF US!
KABOOOM
FOR ONCE I AGREE WITH YOU, TRACKS!
THIS LIQUID NITROGEN SHOULD KNOCK YOUR DRONE ROCKET OUT COLD, DECEPTICON!
BLAM
AND AN EXPLOSIVE DOSE OF MY ELECTRONIC JAMMING MISSILE SEEMS TO HAVE THROWN OFF YOUR AIM!


BUT ONE ERRANT PIECE OF STARSCREAM'S CLUSTER BOMB FINDS A TARGET..
KRA
IT'S COLLAPSING!
WHAT'S ALL THE COMMOTION? HEY--!
ALLOW ME TO LEND A HELPING HAND.
WHO-- WHAT-- ARE YOU?!
I AM HOIST. DON'T WORRY-- I'M QUITE ADEPT AT REPAIRS. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS, YOU TAKE CARE OF YOUR AUDIENCE.
CONTINUE PLAYING-- NOW?
YOUR AUDIENCE MIGHT BECOME CONCERNED OTHERWISE.
UM, HE--HE'S GOT A POINT, BIG MAN! WE'VE GOT A POTENTIAL PANIC SITUATION HERE!
AFTER EXPLAINING HOIST'S PRESENCE AS A NEW ADDITION TO THE SHOW, BRICK LAUNCHES INTO HIS NEXT SONG, MORE FIRED UP THAN EVER...
AND, JUST AS BEFORE, HIS FANS QUICKLY LOSE THEMSELVES IN THE WAVES OF SOUND SWEEPING OVER THEM, IGNORING EVERYTHING ELSE...
WHILE OFF TO ONE SIDE, HOIST, VIRTUALLY UNNOTICED, USES A BUILT-IN ACETYLENE TORCH TO WELD THE SCAFFOLDING BACK TOGETHER.


MEANWHILE...
SO THIS IS WHERE THAT CABLE GOES-- SOMEONE DUG THIS CAVERN UNDER THE STADIUM!
BUT NOT ANYMORE, BUMBLEBEE!
AND I RECOGNIZE THAT MACHINE FROM CYBERTRON-- IT'S A POWER SYPHON! IT MUST HAVE BEEN SAPPING SOUND ENERGY THROUGH THAT DEVICE I SAW AND CONVERTING IT INTO ENERGON CUBES!
SHOCKWAVE!
YOU RUINED THE MACHINE! SNAPPING THE CABLE CAUSED AN ELECTRICAL FEEDBACK THAT FUSED ITS CIRCUITRY!
YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO TAKE FROM THESE HUMANS WHAT DOESN'T BELONG TO YOU!
BAH! IT IS ILLOGICAL FOR ANY TRANSFORMER TO HARBOR SYMPATHY FOR SUCH PRIMITIVE, CONTEMPTIBLE CREATURES!
I TAKE WHAT WHAT I WANT FROM THEM!
I THINK I SHALL NOW TAKE THEIR LIVES!
SILENCE ENVELOPS THE STADIUM AS 80,000 PEOPLE LOOK UP TO SEE THE LETHAL, LOOMING FORM OF SHOCKWAVE.
WITH ONE BLAST HE CAN TURN THESE PEOPLE INTO A SMOKING PILE OF ASHES!
BUT FIRST...
...HE HAS TO HIT THEM!


JUST AS IT'S RELEASING AN ENORMOUS AMOUNT OF X-RAY ENERGY, THE CUBE ENTERS THE OPENING OF SHOCKWAVE'S GUN BARREL AND BEARS THE BRUNT OF THE BURST...
...SPILLING ITS EXPLOSIVE CONTENTS WITHIN THE BARREL.
THE RESULT IS AWESOME.
WOW! BRICK NEVER HAD A LIGHT SHOW BEFORE!
THIS IS BETTER THAN ANYTHING ON MTV!
MEANWHILE, SHOCKWAVE IS HELPLESSLY FLUNG MILES AWAY BY THE TREMENDOUS FORCE OF HIS OWN GUN'S BACKFIRE...
...AND THE OTHER THREE DECEPTICONS BATTERED BY THE OTHER AUTOBOTS, PATHETICALLY FOLLOW THEIR HELPLESS LEADER.
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THEM?
THEY'RE TURNING BACK TO CARS!
I BET THEY WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SOUND PROBLEMS!
38
STAY BACK! LET SECURITY HANDLE THIS! DON'T ANYBODY LEAVE!
SORRY, BUT, ER... WE JUST REALIZED WE'RE NOT AUTHORIZED TO BE BACK HERE! BYE-BYE!
AUTHORIZED VEHICLES ONLY BEYOND THIS POINT
I HOPE THEY APPRECIATE YOUR NEW-FOUND RESPECT FOR THEIR LAWS, BUMBLEBEE!
I THINK THEY WERE MORE APPRECIATIVE THAT WE FINALLY LEFT!


A FEW MILES LATER...
BUMBLEBEE! WHY HAVE YOU AND YOUR TRAINEES LEFT YOUR OBSERVATION POSTS?
OPTIMUS PRIME!
WE, ER... WE CONCLUDED THERE IS NO DECEPTICON THREAT AT THE STADIUM.
AT LEAST, NOT ANY LONGER...
CITIES 26
DID YOU OBSERVE ANY ENEMY PRESENCE THERE?
WELL, ER, WE DID... BUT WE ROUTED SHOCKWAVE, STARSCREAM, SKYWARP AND THUNDERCRACKER IN BATTLE -- UM, AGAINST YOUR ORDERS, COMMANDER.
YOU WERE TOLD NOT TO ENGAGE THE ENEMY UNTIL I ARRIVED! YOU PUT YOURSELF AND YOUR TRAINEES IN SERIOUS RISK!
I KNOW. I APOLOGIZE. I AM PREPARED TO ACCEPT WHATEVER REPRIMAND YOU DEEM APPROPRIATE.
STILL, THOSE WERE IMPRESSIVE ODDS YOU BEAT. AND YOUR LOYALTY HAS ALWAYS BEEN UNWAVERING. I SUPPOSE YOU DID WHAT YOU THOUGHT YOU HAD TO DO.
26
I DID, COMMANDER. THERE WAS NO OTHER CHOICE.
OH? AND WHY WAS THAT?
WELL, IF THERE'S ONE THING WE ALL LEARNED FROM THIS MISSION, ABOVE ALL ELSE -- IT'S THAT HERE ON EARTH, RAIN OR SHINE...
"... THE SHOW MUST GO ON!"

NEXT> PLIGHT OF THE BUMBLEBEE!

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